The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL,
CAPT. ROBERT TAGGART,
Of Warren County
FOR STATE TREASURER,
HON. JOSEPH POWELL,
Of Bradford County.

County Ticket.
ASSOCIATE JUDGE
Dr. J R. SMITH,
of Pine Grove Mills.
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
W. C. HEINLE,
of Bellefonte.
COUNTY SURVEYOR
ELLIS L ORVIS,
of Bellefonte,

President Arthur's girls and some of their companions are making a trip along the northern coast on a government vessel—of course at U, S. expense. That's the way Grant and his family and their hangers on did. Twenty-four years ago President Buchanan censured his niece, Harriet Lane, in the following language: "I am sorry to find that your excursion to West Point on the Harriet Lane has been made the subject of newspaper criticism on yourself. The practice of employing national vessels on pleasure excursions to gratify any class of people is a fair subject for criticism. You know how much I condemned your former trip on the same vessel, and did not expect you would fall into the same error. After a fair time shall have passed it is my purpose to cause general orders to be issued by the Treasury and Navy Department to put a stop to this practice." This is a scrap from history that President Arthur might study with profit. His daughter and her friends might not then use United States vessels for their private enjoyment.

The word "gerrymander," by common consent will hereafter be obsolete and "M'Crackengander" will be used instead as more expressive of a one-sided, unfair and swindling apportionment.

China wants to purchase 100,000 rifles in Germany, says an exchange. As Chinamen do everything the reverse of other people, they will undoubtedly use the rifles hind end foremost and then there will be 100,000 pig-tails less.

The Centre Democrat complains that a resolution endorsing Pattison's vetoes of the appropriation of large sums of money to officials at Harrisburg for services not rendered, was squelched somehow in committee at the late county convention—one veto alone saved the state $50,000. As this was the only convention in 20 years which we did not attend we need to ask, How is this, are not Democrats for reform? We endorsed scrub-women reform and also do the extra-pay-to-clerks reform of Pattison.

The Ohio campaign is getting warm. The chances are greatly in favor of Hoadly, democrat, for governor.

The entire administration, President and Cabinet, with their uncles and their cousins and their aunts, are out junketing on government horses and government vessels and on government expense.

Judge Orvis held his first court in the new district, at Huntingdon last week, as president judge, and was banqueted by the bar. The Huntingdoners think a heap of His Honor.

The Republicans are giving out far more damaging stories of Garfield since his death, than the Democrats did while he was living.

Clearfield being a judicial district of itself, will henceforth have no more of those old-time court-room ornamentals known as associate judges. There are now two second hand chairs for sale in Clearfield good for rheumatism, toothache or cholera morbus.

Dorsey's history of the Garfield campaign of which he was manager, has knocked all the leaders and organs of that party dumb. It is even said now that it has checked the Garfield monument enthusiasm.

Another storm has done its terrible work up in Minnesota, an account of which is given in another colum.

Hon. M'Dowell Sharpe, a member of the present legislature, died at his home in Chambersburg. He was a Democrat and an able lawyer.

At Delphos, Ohio, they have a new way of treating disorderly houses—a distinctive "Ohio idea." They drown them out. On the night of the 20th a band of masked men numbering nearly one hundred, secured the fire engine of the town and, armed with axes and other weapons, proceeded to a notorious place known as the "Gold Dust House," kept on the outskirts of the town by a hard character named George Hurtig. The mob stationed itself opposite the house and yelled for the inmates to appear. Hurtig, his wife and four or five female inmates appeared at the windows and hurled foul language at the mob. The crowd then began yelling "Fire!" and, getting the fire engine in operation, attacked the building front and rear until the house was deluged with water. The inmates were chased out of the rear doors, and the mob proceeded to destroy the windows, doors and furniture with their axes and other weapons. Hurtig's loss will be $2,000. He fled with his family to the neighboring town of Lima and will prosecute the town for damages. The Delphos citizens say that Hurtig's place was a public nuisance.

The *World* remarks that the Austrian dynasty has lasted now for six hundred years, and yet it is terrified because an unknown pamphleteer has dared to print an argument against the dynasty, and even to circulate the deadly document close to one of the imperial palaces. When a country has had a government six hundred years without its being able to get any firmer foundation than that it is about time to think of trying some other kind of government.

The "stall-fed ox" while on his jaunt in the territories, should put up at least one night in Dorsey's great cattle ranche before his return.

INSECT STINGS.

Perry Stover, of Coburn has been stung across the right ear by the Sheriff bee, and the pizen has made Perry scratch right lively.

John Foust, of Miles, has a big Sheriff hornet after him, the same insect that stung him in the neck three years ago; and the critter will light on him again by all appearances.

Our jovial friend, Jas. L. Neff, of Roland, has been stung over the right ear by the Sheriff wasp, and having the pizen in him several times already, has got used to it, and thinks this time he has a sure cure for the sting.

L. W. Munson feels a Sheriff bumblebee crawling up through his hair, trying to get on top of his head, where he can look around over the clover patch and see what other bees are out sucking honey.

Bob. Brett had a Prothonotary bee sting him between the eyes, and he is swelling up on the prospect before him. Should he come out cat-bird, he will do considerable swearing.

Fergus Potter, of Linden Hall, has had a lingering visit from a Prothonotary yaller-jacket, and he will be livened up to find where the nest is—(its about the court-house somewhere.)

W. B. Mingle, of Potter, has been wounded by a Prothonotary bee, and has not yet taken anything to kill the pizen, and will wait for the swelling to come first.

Esq. Reifsnyder has a Prothonotary bee buzzing after him, whether he intends to allow it to sting him, we are not certain yet—he knows what is good for snake bite.

Other fellows may get stung as we go along, and when we come across 'em, we'll tell on 'em too.

D. L. Zerby, of Penn, is also having a Prothonotary mosquito buzzing around his ear, and Lew Shafer of Walker, is said to have a Prothonotary gnat in his boots.

Rev. J. W. White, of Milroy Presbyterian congregation, is tobe arraigned before the Huntingdon Presbytery to be convened in Lewistown, September 4. He is supposedt to be tainted with Swedenborgianism, an outline of the new doctrine which Rev. White is charged with having espoused, as given by the Altoona *Times*: It is not new to the world, but was proclaimed by its founder, Emanuel Swedenborg, more than a century ago. He claimed to have had his revelation from heaven; that he conversed with angels face to face, was in their habitations, which were like our houses on earth, but far more beautiful and magnigcent, havrooms, apartments, flowers, fields, squares in short, everything as we have now. In these interviews he 'was fully awake, having his inward eyes open.'

"The general outline of Swedenborg's theological system is that the sacred Scriptures contain three distinct senses, called celestial, spiritual and natural; that there is a correspondence, or analogy, between all things in heaven and all things in men; that there is a divine trinity of Father, Son and Holy Ghost—the all-begetting divinity, united in the one person of the Lord Jesus Christ; that redemption consisteth not in the vicarious sacrifice of the Redeemer and an atonement to appease divine wrath, but in the real subjucation of the powers of darkness, in the restoration of order and good government in the spiritual world, in checking the overgrown influences of wicked spirits on the hearts of men, and opening a clearer andnearer communication with the heavenly and angelic powers in making salvation, which is regeneration, possible for all who believe on the incarnate God and keep his commandments; that there is an universal influx from God into the souls of men, and the soul upon receiving this influx from God transmits through the perceptive faculties of the mind to the body, and hence these good influxes are received and charged according to the nature of the recipients retained by the good and turned into evil by the wicked; that we are placed in the world subject to the influences of two most opposite principles, of the good from the Lord and His holy angels, of evil from hell or evil spirits, and, if we submit to the former we receive real life, if not, then that life from hell which is called in Scripture spiritual death; that heaven and hell are not arbitrary appointments of God, heaven being a state arising from the good affections of the heart, and hell the necessary consequence of an evil and thoughtless life, enslaved by vile affections of self-love and the love of the world; that there is an intermediate state for departed souls, called a world of spirits, and that very few pass directly either to heaven or hell—a state of purification for the good, but to bad spirits a state of separation of all extraneous good from the radical evil constituting the essence of their natures; that throughout heaven, such as are of like disposition and qualities are consociated into particular fellowship and those who differ in these respects are separated, every heavenly society consisting of similar members; that man on his decease rises again in a spiritual body which was inclosed in his material body, and in this he lives as a man to eternity either in heaven or hell, according to the quality of his past life, and that the end or destruction of the world by fire, etc., called the last judgement, the science of correspondence teaches to be the end or consummation of the present Christian church, both among Protestants and Roman Catholics of every description, and the establishment of the 'New Jerusalem descending from God out of heaven, as described in Revelations."

Our exchanges are all declaring that "the Republican party must go." But where shall it go to? asks the Clinton *Democrat*. Well, if Bob. Ingersoll's idea is correct, its hard to say where it shall go to.

Jack Spangler was at Saratoga lately, and seeing John Kelly, he was disappointed in finding Kelly did not have horns, as Gov. Curtin says. No fellow, however, who goes to Saratoga, the REPORTER thinks, will leave without taking a horn.

The Williamsport *Bulletin*, rep., thinks Hinely made a good district attorney. Such a testimonial from the other side of the fence should induce Harshbarger to withdraw.

Any person who is so insignificantly mean and contemptable, as to run down his own town deserves to receive the contempt of the whole community, thinks the Lewistown *Free Press*. Perhaps the fellow may think he should run it down to keep it from "going up."

Fitch the defaulting bank cashier of Ohio, was arrested by a troubled conscience at Boston, last Sunday. A troubled conscience is much better and less expensive than a police officer. During the day Fitch appeared to suffer severe mental trouble. Arising after a sleepless night he decided to surrender, and walked into the headquarters of the district police. He said his name Kirkland M. Fitch and he was wanted in Warren, O., for embezzling $80,000 from the Second National Bank of that place. He said he could not account for his coming to Boston, unless it was to get away as far as possible from the scene of his crime. He also said he had taken the money as charged and had lost it all in stock speculations in New York. He was desirous of saying but little about his evil doings. He expressed a desire to return to Ohio as soon as possible, and would go without a requisition.

Ellen Meloy. daughter of Geo. Meloy, of Centre, Juniata county, was struck by lightning one afternoon last week while churning. The electricity first struck her feet, tearing both shoes therefrom and hurling them a considerable distance. It then passed under her clothes burning her whole body into blisters just as if done by scalding water, tore her dress open at the neck, burned off her hair as if cut off by scissors and singed off her eyebrows, slightly burning her neck and face. She is recovering.

Reporter for the campaign 25 cts. cash

WORK OF A CYCLONE.

It causes Death and Destruction in the West.

Minneappolis, Minn., August 22—A heavy storm raged west and south of here yesterday. The report comes from Kasson, on the Winona and St. Peter railroad, that the cyclone passed over that pace, blowing down many buildings, killing two persons and injuring several others. Hail stones that fell measured ten inches in circumference.

Governor Hubbard has received word from Rochester stating that the town is in ruins and that forty persons have been killed. It is impossible to get full details of the ravages of the storm, as the wires are all down. Passengers from Owattana state that twenty-five persons were killed in the railroad accident on the Rochester and Northern railroad.

It is believed from the reports that have come in that the whole country surrounding Rochester is in ruins. The killed may reach up into hundreds. The train that was wrecked was that which leaves Rochester at about 4 o'clock p. m., arriving at Brambata at 5 o'clock. It was caught in a severe wind and hail storm that prevailed in that vicinity between five and six o'clock, and while running at a high rate of speed was lifted from the rails and converted into a mass of ruins. Gentlemen who have been to the scene of the disaster describe it as one of the most horrifying railroad accidents ever witnessed. Every car in the train was a complete wreck and was literally shattered to pieces by the sudden stop caused by the train's leaving the rail, burying the unfortunate passengers beneath the debris, killing many and injuring nearly every person on the train.

The storm appeared to have formed about eighteen miles northwest of Rochester, and gathering violence as it progressed, destroying several farm houses in its course. A lowering, dim colored, funnel-shaped cloud was seen approaching the fated town, and in a few moments the slaughter had been accomplished. No time was given for any preparations had it been possible. The scene among the devastated districts and the place where the dead lay was indescribably sad. Mothers wildly searched for their children, while little homeless waifs were found whom the tempest had orphaned. One child was the only survivor of a family of seven. The passengers of the train on which was Mr. Peck, were not aware that a cyclone had passed near them until their attention was directed to feather beds and articles of clothing lodged against the barbed wire fences which indicated something of a blow. Wheat and large quantities of straw were twisted about the rails, presenting a singular appearance, where the cyclone crossed the track shortly before the train arrived at Rochester. A freight train was wrecked on a trestle at the western approach of the place. The wind twisted the switch bar from its place, throwing open the switch. The engineer saw his peril when close at hand and jumped, saving his life. The fireman was carried over the embankment with the engine and killed. The path of the storm through Rochester was strewn with wrecks, in the poorer portions of the suburbs on the north side. A large elevator near the depot was broken in two portions and the upper half, an immense mass was carried across the railroad and over two trains of cars standing on the track. The depot building of the Northwestern railroad was destroyed. The roof of the Court House was blown off and the upper portion of a large stone mansion near by was destroyed. The Cook Hotel was badly damaged and the streets were filled with debris and rolls of tin from the roofs of destroyed buildings. The fatal black cloud swept toward St. Charles, five miles southeast of Rochester, cutting a swath through the timber and farms, wrecking buildings in the little hamlet and leaving two corpses and three persons fatally maimed. The body of one of the men killed was found in a tree top. He had been torn limb from limb by the mere force of the wind while being drawn up and carried along by the terrible funnel.

The storm, so far as can be learned, started in Westfield township near the west line of Dodge county. It continued through Dodge and Oldstead counties and into Winona county, a distance of about sixty miles, and varied from two and a half to three-quarters of a mile in width, being the widest where it started. In the path of the storm nothing worth saving except the acreage is left.

W. C. Rich, Judge Stuart and C. H. Chadbourne say a conservative estimate of the loss in Rochester alone is $360,000. The city has 500 homeless people to care for, and traces of the July cyclone are still plenty. Help is needed and at once. Mechanics are wanted to rebuild, if only shanties. Food is plenty and that is about all. Relief committees are canvassing to ascertain the needy cases in the country and city. Unclaimed dead and wounded were removed as fast as taken to the undertakers' or halls.

Pleasant Grove is reported annihilated, two persons being killed and ten wounded.

The town of Salem lay in the track of the cyclone southeast of here and is said to be wiped out. In the surrounding country an estimate of the losses is impossible. Fences are all gone, cattle injured and at large, stacks of hay and grain have totally disappeared and crops of corn and potatoes are beaten flat.

ADJOURNMENT ON THE WAY.

Members of the House, and there are many of them, came in firmly believing that this is the last whole week of the special session. They said so in the hall last evening, and gave as a reason that every parliamentary expedient had been exhausted; that the house had given up everything to secure apportionment, and concession had followed concession, but the senate found no time nowadays for public business and would hold to their obstruction ultimatum policy to the last. In the face of such fact, made plainer every day by the stalwart refusal to legislate, many house members look to an early adjourment as a settled thing.

COUNT DE CHAMBORD DIES.

Vienna, August 24.—A dispatch from Frohsdorf states that Count de Chambord died at 7 o'clock this morning.

Count de Chambord was the last of the anceint line of the kings of France, and would, had he assumed the throne, reigned under the title of Henri V. His sickness has all along caused much speculation and not a little disturbance in the governmental matters in France. In May it was thought that he would make the son of Don Carlos heir to his claims to the French throne to the exclusion of the Orleans princes, and this created a bitter feeling between the various claimants to the throne. But a movement later on was begun to invest the Count de Paris, who now has the strongest claim to the throne, with the title to it, and this action was agreed to by the brilliant Paul de Cassagnac. The death of Count de Chambord aids much in strengthening the republic, as Prince Plon Plon and the numerous other claimants of the throne are both weak and disrupted in their party following. The Count de Chambord was about 60 years of age.

HORSES KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

Cleveland, August 23.—During a violent storm last night lightning struck James Quick's barn, Milford township, killing six horses and burning large quantities of costly agricultural machinery.

A TOWN ALMOST DESTROYED.

Chicago, August 24, 1883.—Dollarville, Michigan, a town of about three hundred inhabitants and headquarters of the American Lumber Company, was nearly destroyed by fire yesterday, 20 of the principal buildings being burned. Two children are reported to have been burned to death. Loss, $120,000.

BIG FIRE AT MIFFLIN.

Mifflin had a large fire on last Saturday night. The whole and best business square of the town was burned. The fire broke out in the stable of the Juniata House. It is believed to have been set on fire. This is the third time in 13 years that Mifflin has been severely visited by fire. A man has been arrested on suspicion.

Williamsport had a big lumber fire on Monday night, buriang upwards of thirty million feet, along with a number of dwellings and barns. Loss about half million dollars. The principal losers are Finley, Young & Co., H. Merriman & Sons, Payne, Cochraine & Co., Katerman & Co., and Edgar Munson.

A daughter of Vice-President King, of Pierce's Administrat'n, recently appeared in Wheeling, W. Va., it is said, destitute and seeking aid to enable her to reach Washington. Her husband was General Hunter, Jackson's minister to St. Petersburg. She gave her age as seventy-four, and said she married at the age of fourteen, her husband being then thirty-two, and she spent six months of her married life at the Russian court. Giving many details of her career and her gradual descent from a life of affluence to her present low estate, she stated that she came from Memphis, having begged her way from place to place, and was endeavoring to reach Washington, where she had friends who would place her in a charitable institution. Aid was given to her to continue her journey.

A terrible tragedy was enacted in Ohio on night of 20 when Mortimer Hill shot his wife in the breast as she was lying in bed with her babe, then shot himself in the head and through the heart, the latter causing instant death. Hill had been married a little over a year and lived unhappily owing to his habit of drinking. A short time ago he sent his wife to her fathers, saying he could not support her. Last night he went to her father's house, took off his boots a hundred yards away, crept to the window of his wife's room, and did the shooting as described. Mrs. Hill is seriously hurt, although not yet dead.

Here are some curiosities of curious suicides: Magruder killed himself in Maryland because of grief for his first wife, though he had taken a second and entirely worthy one. Marks drowned himself in a Kansas mill pond, the dam for which he had just built, as the water proved insufficient to turn the wheel. Jennie Roberts of Pennsylvania, flung herself into a stream after being refused parental permission to go to a ball. Picketts, a member of the Texas bar, had no desire to live when he had lost a case and been berated by the client. Mrs. Jones, of Maryland, took laudanum because she could not take money from her husband's cash drawer. Atkinson, of California, mentally staked his life on his horse, and forfeited it at the conclusion of the race. Mr. Wyckoff, a wealthy farmer of Long Island, hung himself because the price of potatoes was low.

——All the nominees for county offices, without respect of party, wear suits from the Philad. Branch, because they make them look better and the people give them credit for having good judgement in so important an article as clothing. We never knew a man to be without friends if he bought his clothing from Lewins & Co.

Out of a population of 1,3000,000 in New York, 61,052 persons own all the stores and houses in the city. The rest hire.

We are agents for the Thomas Glove fitting corset.—Garman & Son.

The State Convention of the Y. M. C A., meets at York, Sept. 20-23.

Macrama cord in all colors at D. Garman & Son's.

Seventy-eight persons died from cholera in Upper Egypt on Sunday and three in Lower Egypt, including one British soldier at Suez.

TIME TO STOP IT.

It's too bad, Sir or Madam, but don't get frightened. Your hair is falling off—that's certain. A glance in the mirror, or an investigating committee of fingers tell the dismal story. We won't discuss the possible cause. It is enough that Parker's Hair Balsam used now will prevent further destruction. Is your hair somewhat gray, too, and crisp? Alas, yes. The Balsam will give back the original color, softness and gloss. Not a dye, not oily, elegantly perfumed, a perfect dressing. sept4t

IN THE PILOT HOUSE.

"Yes, sir; this kind of work obliges a man to keep sober as a judge. Of all men in the world, steamboat pilots and railroad engineers should let liquor alone. For on their clearness of sight and coolness of head depends the safety of life and property."

Keeping his hand on the wheel as he said this, Mr. A. Brookman, of No. 20½ Silver street, Chicago, added: "Of course, some of 'em drink; but the sober ones have the best positions and the best pay. Yes, the work and exposure sometimes tells on us; but for my part, I find Parker's Tonic to be all the invigorant I need. I've got a bottle aboard here now; never go on a trip without it. When I havn't any appetite, or am in any way out of sorts, it se s me up in no time. If thinking men would use the Tonic, it would help 'em to break off. (No, that isn't a light house; it's a star, low down near the water.) As I was saying, the Tonic is new life bottled up. You see that flagstaff? Well, with a bottle of Parker's Tonic in the locker I can keep malaria as far from me as that, all the time. My wife has used it for three years for summer complaints and colic, and as an invigorant, when she's tired out from overwork. She says the Tonic is a daisy. Good bye! Don't break your neck going below.

This preparation, which has been known as Parker's Ginger Tonic, will hereafter be called simply "Parker's Tonic." This change has been rendered necessary by substitutes imposed upon their customers by unprincipled dealers under the name of ginger; and as ginger is really an unimportant flavoring ingredient, we drop the misleading word.

There is no change however in the preparation itself, and all bottles remaining in the hands of dealers, wrapped under the name of Parker's Ginger Tonic contain the genuine medicine if the facsimile signature of Hiscox & Co. is at the bottom of the outside wrapper. aug t n r

ENCOURAGING.

Having been encouraged by the steady increase of business, I have remodeled, repainted and added to the external as well as to the internal appearance of my DRUG HOUSE, thereby making it more attractive to my customers. I would now thank my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, and solicit a continuance of the same. My stock is as near full as possible. I am in complete communication with the principal Drug Houses of New York and Philadelphia and am supplied with cuts and price lists, and anything in my line not kept in stock, will be sent for at once and delivered at the same prices that it could be bought at if you went or sent yourself. I buy my drugs for cash, pay no discounts, which enables me to sell just as cheap as any other drug store in the county. All business between dealer and customers strictly confidential. J. D. MURRAY, jun-2tf Centre Hall

COURT PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, the Hon, Charles A. Mayer, President of the Court of Common Pleas of the 25th Judicial District, consisting of the counties of Centre, Clinton and Clearfield, and the ..... and the Hon. J. W. Larrimer, Assoc. Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date 1 st day of Aug., 1883, to me directed, for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the Fourth Monday of Aug. next, being the 27 day of Aug., 1883, and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 1st day of Aug., in the year of our Lord 1883, and the one hudred and seventh year of the Independence of the United States. T. J. DUNKLE, sheriff

SPRING MILLS HOUSE,
On L. & T. R. R.
FINE SUMMER RESORT.

Fine Fishing and Hunting—Romantic Mountain and Valley Scenery.
Healthy Locality.

TERMS REASONABLE.

J. H. BIBBY,.....Proprietor
SPRING MILLS, CENTRE COUNTY, PA.
1 4vm

WM. A. SANDOE,
MERCHANT TAILOR, CENTRE HALL, PA,
Desires to announce to his customers that he has lately taken instructions under W. W. Belford, of Milton, in the latest improvements in cutting, who is one of the best tailors in Pen'a, and is now able to serve customers with better fits than before.

He has also received fashion plates containing the latest styles. Also a fine lot of samples from which you can select for suits, He respectfully asks the public when in need of clothings to give him a trial. 29may

HIS OPINION.

In Clear Sentences an Authority adds his own to the Popular Judgment.

191 West Tenth Street,
New York, Aug. 11, 1880.

Messrs Seabury & Johnson:

I am slow to pin my faith to any new curative agent. BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTER has won my good opinion. I find it an exceptionally cleanly plaster to use and rapid in its action. Many tests in its qualities in my own family, and among my patients, have convinced me that there is no other single article so valuable for popular use, none so helpful in cases of Lame Back, Local Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Congestion of the Bronchial Tubes and Lungs, and Lumbago. You may feel free to use my name.

Very truly yours,
H. H. KANE, M.D.,
Physician-in-Chief of the De Quincy Home
Price of the CAPCINE 25 cents.
Seabury & Johnson, Chemists, New York

SHORT SERMONS.

Ah! languid hand, safe in some scented glove,
Drop that bright prayer-book; catch at rock and thorn;
Give alms of bread--give truer alms of love—
To other hands whose scars and stains you scorn.
—Sarah M. Bryan Piatt.

Thus through the world, like bolt and blast
And scourging fire, the truth has passed.
Clouds break; the steadfast heavens remain;
Weeds burn; the ashes feed the grain!
—Anon.

The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer;
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.
—Thomas Dekker.

A pebble on the streamlet scant
Has turned the course of many a river;
A dew-drop on the baby plant
Has warped the giant oak forever.
—Charlotte Cossitt.

The steps of Faith
Fall on the seeming void, and find
The rock beneath.
—John G. Whittier.

The good are better made by ill,
As odors crushed are sweeter still.
—Samuel Rogers.

Recent Legal Decisions.

BLANK INDORSEMENT—FILLED IN AS A GUARANTY.—The payee of a promissory note indorsed it in blank, and the holder of the note wrote above the indorsement a guaranty. He had failed to have the note protested for nonpayment, and the indorser was discharged. An action was brought upon this guaranty and the plaintiff was defeated. He carried the case—Belden vs. Hahn—to the Supreme Court of Iowa, where it was affirmed. Judge Rothrock, in the opinion, said: "The blank indorsement of a promissory note by the payee creates the liability of an indorser as understood by the law merchant. Such on indorsement creates the same liability from the indorser to the indorsee as if it were in full. But the contract of indorsement is very different from a contract of guaranty, and the holder of a note with a blank indorsement by the payee has no legal right to change the obligation of the indorser by writing a contract of guaranty over the name of the payee without his knowledge or consent. The guaranty being void in law, no recovery can be had upon it."

LARCENY OR EMBEZZLEMENT.—The clerk of a local agent of an express company to whom was intrusted about $3000 in United States currency, appropriated the money to his own use. He was charged with and indicted for larceny, and convicted. He carried the case in error—Warmouth vs. The Commonwealth—to the Court of Appeals of Kentucky, where he argued that his act was not larceny, but embezzlement. The Court agreed with him and reversed the judgment. The Chief Justice, Hargis, in the opinion said: "The charge of the Court on the trial—that if the defendant received or receipted for the money as the agent or clerk of the express company which was to transport for hire, then the money was legally in the possession of the company, and if the defendant carried it away with a felonious intent he was guilty of larceny—was an erroneous submission of the case. Generally when the agent has received goods or money to carry, deliver, control, or manage for the principal, unless the agent parts with the manual possession and delivers the property to the principal or to another for him or places it in some depository, as a draw or safe provided for the purpose, and to which the principal or superior agents have access or over which they have control, he cannot be convicted of larceny for a felonious appropriation of the goods or money, the offense being an embezzlement. There would be no trespass committed, and there can be no larceny without a trespass. The judgment must be reversed."

MARRIED WOMAN'S MORTGAGE.—M. borrowed $3500, to secure which he and his wife gave a mortgage on her undivided one-half interest in real property which was her separate estate. Subsequently she acquired the other half of the property, also has her separate estate and on the mortgage being canceled she and her husband gave a new mortgage on the entire property for the loan, which had been increased to $5000. The debt was not paid, and the mortgage was duly foreclosed. An appeal was taken in this case—McGill vs. The Mercantile Trust Company—to the Court of Appeals of Kentucky, where the decree was affirmed. Judge Hines, in the opinion, said: "The wife cannot under the statute bind her separate estate by mortgage for the debt of her husband; but her power to mortgage for her own use and benefit is incidental to the power to sell for that purpose, and as the evidence in the record shows that the money received on the mortgage was applied in discharge of liens on the two tracts on the interest of the wife in the land, the debt is in effect the debt of the wife, and not that of the husband, and the mortgage is therefore binding."

RESPONSIBILITY FOR SUB-AGENTS.—M. deposited with a bank in New Orleans a number of Havana lottery tickets for collection. Its correspondent in Havana charged a heavy percentage for collecting, and M. refused to pay more than one-half of one per cent. The Bank insisted that it was not in the wrong, as the commission had not been charged by it but by its correspondent, and suit was brought—Masick vs. the Citizens' Bank of Louisiana—and a judgment for the overcharge, $1260, recovered. An Appeal was taken to the Supreme Court of Louisiana where the judgment was affirmed. Judge Poche, in the opinion, said: "The proper and legal course for the Bank before sending the tickets to Havana for collection, without fixing or restricting the rate of commission, was to have done what it subsequently did after this objectionable charge, to have ascertained the charge for collection. It was its duty to effect collections in the most expeditious manner and on the most reasonable terms. All agents are responsible for the acts of their sub-agents, and the defendant is and must be held responsible for this overcharge in commissions made by its correspondent or agent in Havana.

INSOLVENT BANK COLLECTING AND CONVERTING DRAFT.—A Chicago bank sent to its correspondent at Buffalo, a bank, a draft for $6527.75 for collection, with the instruction to remit the proceeds for its account to a New York bank. At the receipt of the draft the insolvency of the Buffalo bank was well known to its officers. During the day $23,000 was received on deposit and $61,000 paid out; there was in bank, in cash, $40,000, and the proceeds of the draft were mingled with the other moneys in the bank. A bill in equity was filed against the insolvent bank and its receiver—Illinois Trust and Savings Bank of Chicago vs. First National Bank of Buffalo—in the United States Circuit Court for the Northern District of New York, to enforce the equitable lien of the Chicago bank for this special collection, but the bill was dismissed. Judge Wallace, in the opinion, said: "It was undoubtedly a fraudulent act by the Buffalo bank in its hopeless insolvency to mingle the proceeds of the draft with its own funds, so that all identity was lost The cases hold that if a trustee converts a trust fund into money and mingles the money with other moneys, so that it is indistinguishable, the beneficiary cannot follow his fund into the hands of an assignee in bankruptcy or an executor of the trustee, but he must occupy the position of a general creditor. The right to follow a trust fund ceases when the means of ascertainment fail, as is the case here."—*Reported for Phila. Record.*

Keep up With the Fashion.

The bridal veil may be either as long as the train of the dress or as short as the waist-line, but it must be of tulle if the bride is youthful. If she is over 25 or 30 it may be of any fine, delicate real lace and shorter than the youthful bride's veil.

Alligator skin and patent-leather slippers, made in Marie Antoinette style, are worn by ladies in the house. The alligator leather has beautiful markings, and may be dyed many colors, but is most fashionable in its natural shade and in black and dark red.

Velvet damasks, with grenadine grounds and beaded lace, are made into scarfs, pelerines and mantelets for summer. Olive-green with red figures, dark garnet and orange with black are the rich colorings for these little garments that give tone to the most quiet toilet.

Canvas ribbon is one of the novelties for trimming summer bonnets. This is ecru linen canvas, with gilt cord on each edge. It comes in narrow widths for making rosettes and loops, and is tied in with black or dark velvet ribbon for the strings of very stylish straw bonnets.

Among novelties in millinery trimmings are fancy feathers, black and straw, black and jet, and black and gold leaf crowns, feather crowns, feather thistles made in montures, fancy thistle pompons, golden hazelnuts and fine flower coronets of wreaths for the edge of hat brims.

Royal pink, primose-yellow, pomegranate-red and lettuce-green are the shades of satin and velvet combined with black lace in the newest bonnets. These bonnets are not made on a frame, but are shirred on wires of gilt, silver or bronze.

Biarritz and Cameaux (reversible) are new cloths which attract the admiration of ladies. The former is a sateen cashmere on one side and Biarritz on the other, and comes in black and colors the latter is a sateen block on one side and a neat armure on the other. It is shown in black only.

THE largest rolling mill at Hollidaysburg has been put upon double turn—a hopeful business sign.

Agricultural.

The Silo for the Poultry Breeder.

The silo has been found to be an important adjunct to the dairy, and several years trial of that method of preserving green food has demonstrated that no substitute in the shape of dry food can compensate for the green succulent matter furnished by the silo at a period of the year when such food cannot be produced in any other manner. But if cattle need green food in winter the necessity is even greater with poultry, for cattle can at least enjoy hay with their grain allowance, while poultry must either be confined to grain alone or be provided with green food under difficulties.

The food intended for poultry must be of a different character from that desired for other stock, and but little expense need be incurred in storing up a quantity of green food sufficient to carry a flock through the winter, liberally supplied with all they may desire. With this object in view an experienced poultry breeder procured a molasses keg, which he made as strong as possible with a few additional hoops, and placed it inside of a hogshead, first placing a few inches of sawdust under the bottom of the keg, and packing the space around the keg, between it and the hogshead with the same material. This being placed in the cellar, with a top to the keg, which settled down into it as the material was removed for use and upon which top rested a weight, completely protected the ensilage from changes of temperature and access of air.

In order to fill the silo, if it may be called such, green food was grown for the purpose and cut when very succulent. A great variety of vegetables may be used for the purpose, such as mustard, kale, radishes, spinach, turnips and even peas the tops only being selected; also, grass, such as red or white clover and young millet, as well as the kinds grown on lawns; but the grass is best when cut before it begins to seed. Oats and rye, thickly sown and cut when six inches high, also answer well. After cutting the material it should be chopped into as short lengths as possible not only to enable it to be fed to the best advantage but also to assist in packing it closely in the silo. When packing it the principal object should be to press it as firmly as possible, not only by tramping but by ramming it with a maul or some other heavy instrument. It will surprise a novice to see how large a quantity of material will be needed for so small a receptacle as a keg, especially if the pressure is perfectly applied and the work well done.

As to the fermentation of the mass, which gives to much difficulty with the use of the ordinary silo, it may be stated that, unlike cattle, poultry will reject the food entirely if it is fermented or sour, but this difficulty may be avoided by burning a little sulphur in the keg from time to time as the material is placed in, especially before it is pressed down, and the oftener the sulphur is burned the better. The top of the keg should be on when so doing in order to confine the sulphur fumes, which are not only heavy and rank, but are absorbed by the material and moisture. It entirely prevents fermentation under any conditions.

While it may require additional labor to lay in store a supply of green food for feeding to poultry in winter, the high prices usually obtained for eggs during that season should induce all who desire to make poultry profitable to try the experiment. As it has been the object here to give a cheap method for preserving green food, those who prefer to keep larger quantities can use the ordinary silo for that purpose.

Cultivating Sorghum.

Professor George H. Cook, Director of the New Jersey Agricultural Experiment Station, at New Brunswick, in the report on his labor, alludes to the waste in the use of mills for extracting the juice, 40 per cent. of the sugar being lost by the ordinary process. It is worth while to inquire whether the best mills, from which the pressed cane comes out almost as thin and dry as carpenters' shavings, do not secure a much larger percentage. Before concluding his report, Professor C. refers to the works of the sugar company in Cape May co., N. J., where 964 acres were planted with early amber and early orange seed, which gave 6200 tons of topped cane—one field of eight acres giving 136 tons, or 17 tons an acre, and another of orange cane on 20 acres, affording 259 tons, or over 12 tons an acre. The purity of the juice was remarkable, the amount of sugar in 100 pounds of solid expressed matter in an entire week's work being as high as 87, and in one instance 92. The returns show 319,944 pounds of manufactured sugar and 40,000 gallons of dense syrup. Professor Cook, in common with others who have tried the early ripening kinds of sorghum, expresses strong hope in the ultimate success of this industry, and cites the fact that some 2,000,000,000 pounds of sugar are yearly consumed in this country, or 40 pounds to each inhabitant, only one-eighth of which comes from the sugar cane growing States, as a reason for giving this industry a thorough and extensive trial.

The Battle of Lutzen.

The King sang, with his soldiers, Luther's grand hymn, "Eine feste Burg ist Unser Gott," and then his own battle song, "Verzage nicht, du Hauflein Klein!" He addressed, first to the Swedes, then to the Germans, two of the noblest orations before a battle that history records. In an enthusiasm of heroism he threw off his cuirass, and cried: "God is my armor!" Wallenstein was suffering from gout in the feet. Although his stirrups were thickly padded with silk, he could not ride, and took his place in a litter. He called his officers together, and gave them his orders, which were to fight chiefly on the defensive. Gustavus gave out the war cry, "Gott mit Uns!" Wallenstein gave to his troops as a battle cry "Jesus Maria!"

About 11 the mist cleared a little and the fiery King himself headed the attack upon the Imperialist lines and ditches. Gustavus, riding alone with his cousin, Duke Franz von Lauenburg; the page, Lubelfing, and a groom, stumbled upon an Imperial ambush. His horse, maddened by a bullet, threw its rider and fled. The King received a bullet in the arm and another shot in the back. The second shot was, as the Swedes maintain, fired by Lauenburg, who left the King to his fate, rode away and afterward joined the Imperialist side. German historians speak doubtfully on the point, and the question of Lauenburg's treachery may be considered an open one.

The Imperialist soldiers did not believe that the King could be alone with so small an escort. They, however, took Gustavus to be an officer of rank, until he cried out: "I am the King of Sweden, and seal with my blood the Protestant religion and the liberties of Germany. Alas! my poor Queen!" The Imperialist soldiers then killed and stripped him, and the tide of battle rolled on past the dead body. The faithful page, who alone remained with Gustavus, tried vainly to mount the King upon his own horse. The poor lad died, five days afterward, in Naumburg, of his wounds. So fell Gustav Adolf. Lutzen was like a victory of Trafalgar with Nelson lost. His own side were startled when—

"The loose rein dangling from his head,
Housing and saddle bloody red,"

the King's horse rushed back into their lines. They did not know that he was dead; they supposed him taken prisoner. A kind of sacred fury possessed the troops, and the spirit of Gustavus rendered them invincible. Wallenstein sustained an overwhelming defeat, and before night was in full flight toward Leipsic. Herzog Bernhard remained in the field as victor of Lutzen. Wallenstein's own baggage was pillaged by his own people. He had been grazed by a bullet, but was not hurt. He was believed to bear a charmed life, and the day of Lutzen strengthened the belief. The Imperialists lost many officers of note. The gallant Pappenheim, the knightliest of Wallenstein's commanders, and Coloredo were both killed. Piccolomini had five horses shot under him. Holk, Terzky, Harrach and many others were severely wounded, but, apart from the greatness of the victory, the sadness of Lutzen was and remains the soldier's death of Gustav Adolf. Wallenstein rewarded highly and punished severely. He distributed 85,210 gulden among officers who had behaved well; but he executed as cowards eleven officers by the sword; he hanged others, some had their swords broken by the hangman under the gallows, and the names of many were nailed in infamy on the gibbet. A Te Deum, on the first news of the battle, was performed in Vienna; but Wallenstein, at least, knew certainly the magnitude of the defeat that he had suffered.

Thinking Aloud in Church.

One of our churches has a somewhat eccentric parishioner, who often affords the congregation much amusement. He has a habit of expressing his thoughts aloud when very much in earnest, never mind where he may be. His entire unconsciousness of having thought aloud is irresistibly funny. Last Sunday a late comer at church—a young lady with voluminous skirts—sought to pass him to get a seat. As she did so she carried the gentleman's hat, which was on the floor, some distance. It happened during a pause in the service, when there came, slowly and distinctly, and with an earnestness worthy of the preacher, that unconscious ejaculation: "Now—where—in—the—name—of—the—Lord—is—that—girl—taking—my—hat?"

A Little Nonsense.

Care in our coffin drives the nails, no doubt,
But Mirth with merry fingers plucks them out.

Medicinal: A New England physician says that if every family would keep a box of mustard in the house one-half of the doctors would starve. We suggest that every family keep two boxes of mustard in the house.

An old negro woman, praying for a certain slanderer, said: "Oh, Lord, won't you be kind enough to take the door of his mouth off, and when you put it on again just hang it on the gospel hinges of peace on earth and good will to men?"

There should be a general law passed prohibiting the cutting of dog's tails off. It's a very inhuman thing to do. When only half of a tail is cut off, the dog is forever prevented from laughing, and when it is all cut off he can't even smile.

Legal: A French investigator has discovered that the character of a person's dream depends in a great measure on which side the sleeper lies. The dreams of a lawyer then, who habitually lies on both sides, must be very much mixed.

Webster unabridged: Up in Chautauqua county one day a politician was watching a severe storm from his doorsteps when a farmer acquaintance turned in hastily from the road and drove under a shed. "What's the matter, Bob?" asked the politician. "Well, said the farmer, "I believe thar's one of them slycoons is coming."

Somebody put a small mud-turtle, about the size of a silver dollar, in a bed at a New Jersey hotel, and the stranger, who was assigned to that room, on preparing to retire caught sight of it. He at once resumed his clothes, remarking: "I expected to have a pretty lively night of it, but if they are as big as that, I don't propose to get in with 'em."

Lawyer—"Do you not consider Mr. Biggs, my client, a man of truth and veracity?" Witness hesitates. Lawyer—"Well, I'll put the question in another form. Do you think he has a mind which cannot distinguish truth from falsehood?" Witness (eagerly)—"Oh, no, sir. I am sure that he can." Lawyer—"You're sure of it—and why are you so sure of it?" Witness—"I know he can distinguish between the two. It isn't possible that he would always happen to lie. If he didn't know the difference, he would tell the truth by mistake once in a while." Lawyer—"That'll do, sir; you may stand down."

Oh, no, the lawyer does not talk for effect; he simply talks for effects—the effects of his client—and he usually succeeds in getting them.

A grocer had a pound of sugar returned with a note attached to it saying, "Too much sand for table use, and not enough for building purposes."

The man who boasts that he is above doing a mean acts tells the truth. Of course he is above it, else how could he stoop to do a mean thing so often?

A Reading, Pa., man died a few days ago, after drinking fifteen quarts of water. The coroner's jury rendered the verdict: "Suicide by drowning."

Mrs. Homespun, who has a terrible time every morning to get her young brood out of their beds, says she cannot understand why children are called the rising generation.

When Carlyle said that everybody should have an aim in life, he had no reference to the fair sex. He had doubtless often seen a woman trying to throw a stone at a hen.

"Hadn't I better pray for rain, to-day, deacon," said a Binghamton, N. Y., minister, Sunday. "Not to-day, Dominic, I think," was the prudent reply, "The wind isn't right."

"No, sir," said the clergyman, "I don't pray for rain unless my special dispatch from the weather bureau says we are liable to get it."

Cows in the Pasture.

Murphy heard cows in his orchard the other night and slipping out the back way appeared suddenly near the front steps, and yelled: "He-ah Tige! he-ah Tige! he-ah!" Just then a figure rushed past, clearing two fences and vanished in the gloom. "Take 'im! take 'im!" screamed the old man, but his daughter Miranda, who had unaccountably appeared on the scene, secured the dog by the collar and refused to let it go. "What ye doin'?" yelled the old man, "don't ye know them cows has been in here three or four times?" "Oh, pa!" was the answer, "but this was only a calf." The old man was pacified, but Adolphus, who was standing out in the road awaiting developments, wasn't and Miranda will never understand the coldness that has sprung up between them.

A glassmaking firm in Pittsburg, Pa., have been manufacturing glass textile fabrics during the last year. The fabrics produced are pronounced very beautiful and pliable.

What a Mormon Says.

A Man's Chance for Salvation in Proportion to the Number of His Wives--A Bachelor Sure of Damnation.

The most interesting man I have met to-day was one who had wooed and won three women simultaneously. He had just arrived with them from England, and intended to marry them collectively as soon as he got to a safe place. The only one within the limits of civilization where that kind of thing is allowed being Utah, it is hardly necessary for me to add that he was on his way to that territory of polygamy. He was an elder, named Ephriam Measor, and had spent four years on the other side of the world as a Mormon missionary. He was only one of a party of twenty-two of these evangelists who arrived in the steamer Nevada, bringing 672 converts. He had selected his three spouses with sentiment and utility in view.

"When I went away on my mission for the church," he said, "I left my five motherless children to the care of a relative. I had never practiced our doctrine of conjugal plurality, though believing and preaching it, and my one wife had recently died, leaving me to realize that, if I had done my duty, the youngsters would not have been left half-orphaned. Well, I made up my mind, if the Lord should prosper my mission, to return prepared to set up such a household as our church contemplates for every faithful saint. I have done so."

He introduced me to the three women whom his religious courtship had captured. It was not necessary for him to explain that he had picked them out with that discretion which I have already mentioned. I could see it without being told. Emeline was a brawny, ignorant, hard-handed widow of forty or over, and her lot was to be that of drudge in the admirably balanced family which Elder Measor contemplated. She was to "look after the domestic economy," as he expressed it. Sarah was neither a handsome nor young woman, but some refinment was discernible, and he told me that she had been a schoolma'am in Wales. She was for practical use, too, his plan being to make her a governess for hi children. Lottie was a blooming Lancashire lass of twenty or so, quiet pretty in her coarse way, and I did not ask the elder why he had chosen her. They were evidently in love with each other. That was not surprising in him, though marvelous in her, considering that he was sixty and ugly. She was to be the queen of the reorganized establishment.

"Will there be a triple wedding?" I inquired.

"Yes," the elder replied. "We call the ceremony a sealing, and is performed in secret. Thereafter, I shall hold a more approved position before the church, for we maintain that polygamy is not only a privilege, but also a duty which no saint can be entirely excused from fulfilling. There was some hesitation about sending me out as a missionary, because I had taken but one wife, and I don't suppose I should have received the appointment if I had not given assurance of my intention to bring back two or more wives."

"Then your church does more than to merely contenance polygamy?" I said.

"To be sure," was the reply, "the examples of the patriarchs are all that way, and there stands the injunction of St. Paul: 'A bishop, then, must be blameless, the husband of one wife.'"

"I should take that to mean that more than one wife wouldn't do for a bishop in Paul's days."

"You make a common mistake, sir. Paul enjoined bishops to take at least one wife, and we believe that they had several. We also know, by divine revelation to us, that a man's chances for salvation are greatly increased by the increasing number of his wives. A bachelor is sure of damnation. Are you married?"

The Wisdom of Minerva.

A child, while walking through an art gallery with her mother, was attracted by a statue of Minerva. "Who is that?" said she. "My child, that is Minerva, the goddess of wisdom." "Why didn't they make her husband, too." "Because she had none, my child." "That was because she was wise, wasn't it, mamma?" was the artless reply.

"A riference is't?" exclaimed the girl at the intelligence office, when asked by the lady in search of help for a recommendation: "an' why should I give ye a riference? It is meself that's got to live wid ye an' not ye wid me."

Camlets in broken checks, tweeds, camel's hair and new plaid cloths with a bird, cat, or dragon in each square, are made up in long traveling cloaks that cover the dress, and are only fastened once at the throat by long ribbons tied in a bow.

CALLING THE ANGELS IN.

We mean to do it. Some day, some day,
We mean to slacken this fevered rush
That is wearing our very souls away,
And grant to our goaded hearts a hush
That is holy enough to let them hear
The footsteps of angels drawing near.

We mean to do it. Oh, never doubt,
When the burden of daytime toil is o'er,
We'll sit and muse, while the stars come out,
As the patriarch sat at the opened door
Of his tent, with a heavenward gazing eye,
To watch for the angels passing by.

We see them afar at high noontide,
When fiercely the world's hot flashings beat,
Yet never have bidden them turn aside,
And tarry awhile in converse sweet;
Nor prayed them to hallow the cheer we spread,
To drink our wine and break our bread.

We promised our hearts that when the stress
Of the life-work reaches the longed-for close,
When the weight that we groan with hinders less
We'll loosen our thoughts to such repose
As banishes care's disturbing din,
And then—we'll call the angels in.

The day that we dreamed of comes at length,
When tired of every mocking quest,
And broken in spirit and shorn of strength,
We drop, indeed, at the door of rest,
nd wait and watch as the day wanes on—
But the angels we meant to call are gone.

Wait a Little.

A picturesque old house in a neglected garden, a vine-wreathed window, and a young girl lying on the low-cushioned seat of its embrasure, hidden from the room within by a rusty red curtain. She would have been pretty if she had not been so pale and listless. Certainly the faint, momentary smile which the shy confidence of a little gray bird in the woodbine brought out was most charming. The girl was idly watching the little creature. She had a sheet of music in her slim fingers. Her eyelids were red, as if she had been recently crying. So still was she that the bird continued to adjust the dried-grasses of its nest without fear. The balmy May wind lifted the tendrils of soft, brown hair, but did not otherwise disturb her utter inactivity.

For an hour she had sat there—ever since her uncle, M. Bozarth, had fallen asleep upon his sick bed in the adjacent chamber. The girl had not been crying for him—no, she did not love him. Even in sickness he was tyrannical, cruel, as he had ever been. He kept his fiddle bow upon the bed to rap her knuckles when she did not wait upon him quick enough. She was tired. For three nights she had sat up a greater part of the time. The doctor told her M. Bozarth was going to die, so she was full of dread and fear, but not grieved or fearing the bereavement, although when M. Bozarth was gone she would be all alone. She was an orphan, and for the last four years he had supported her, after a fashion, and taught her music. She had a beautiful voice—pure and delicious. She sang when she was bidden, and sometimes to please herself in pleasing their landlord, Alan Dunleith.

He was a handsome man. He had keen blue eyes and a smile that was very gentle. He seldom spoke to her, but he came across the garden sometimes of an evening to drink a bottle of wine with M. Bozarth, and listen to his adventures in France and Italy. They talked about music, the drama, and the old masters. M. Bozarth was selfish and harsh, but he was no fool. Two years before, he had hired Mulberry Cottage, and he and Alan Dunleith had always agreed very well. Only this girl Theresa, had been alone. M. Bozarth was away all day and most of the night, busy with his musical engagements in the city. They kept one maid, whom the girl would have turned to for society in her extremity but she, too, was cross.

The poor girl saw no kind face but Alan Dunleith's. She had come to worship that. She dreamed of it at night; waited from day to day until she saw it, though the owner seldom gave her more than a courteous "Good evening, Miss Tessie!"

But he always remembered to say "good evening" again, after she had played and sang for him, and the smile he turned on her seemed kinder. And then she would watch his fine, stalwart figure going down the garden, listen as he whistled an air she had been playing, and wait for the next visit. No one dreamed of all this; perhaps she did not realize it herself; and it was not at all strange. The little grey bird was very quiet building its nest, and Tessie was extremely tired.

Suddenly she realized that she had been dozing, for there were voices in the chamber, and she did not know when her uncle had awakened or when Alan Dunleith had come in.

"No, I do not know what will become of her when I am gone," M. Bozarth was saying. "I have little to leave. But she has her voice and her knowledge of music. She must make her own way."

"A very perilous position for a girl so lovely."

"Perhaps, Mr. Dunleith; but it is too late for me to make any provision for her now. She must take her chances, the same as I did."

"But she is a young girl, and a very delicate and sensitive one, Monsieur Bozarth. It is different."

M. Bozarth made a faint, inarticulate reply.

"Will you trust her to me? I would like to marry her," said Alan Dunleith, after a moment.

"Eh? Oh, yes. But she is very young."

"I consider her youth; but I think I understand her. I believe I coulp make her happy. Then you give your consent?"

"Yes, yes," wearily.

What more they said, Tessie did not know. There was no lack of life and energy in her air now. She sat erect, with wide eyes and flaming cheeks, for a moment; then, her heart beating in great shocks, she slipped out of the window, flung herself upon the turf of the terrace, and disappeared among the rank shrubbery of the garden—disappeared from the view of the house, but not from her own terrified consciousness.

Alan Dunleith marry her—her?

She was burning hot to the tips of her fingers with shame. Then, as she read her aching heart and knew the truth, she uttered a heartrending cry and sank down upon the grass, pale and faint. She buried her face in the moss nd violets.

"I love him—I would give all the world to be fit to marry him! But he shall never marry me because he pities me. I would I rather kill myself first!" with violence.

Then, with pitiful cry—

"I will run away!" I cannot—I will not—see him again!"

And actually the impulsive, morbidly-sensitive, undisciplined girl sprang to her feet, ran into the back hallway, snatched a shawl and hat, and turned her back on the only home she knew.

It was not so hard; she had never loved it. She went rapidly down the green road until the stage overtook her, when she sprang aboard with satisfaction, seeing the chimneys of Mulberry Cottage disappear in the distance.

* * * * *

Tessie had passed about two years in the city. Beyond almost immediately sending a note to her uncle that she was well and at work copying music—that she hoped he would forgive her for leaving him, but she could not do o herwise—she had had no communication with her old home.

She had fortunately been found useful in a music publisher's establishment. She earned her bread, and ate it moistened with tears, but she never ceased to feel joy that Alan Dunleith had not married her for pity. The energy of earning her livelihood improved her. She gained confidence, force, color. Mr. Thorne, her employer, fancied her looks, heard her voice at last and paid her unusual attention, in which there would have been no harm if he had been faultless. But his money covered a multitude of sins, and one day Tessie slipped from his employ and his knowledge, and, innocent and safe, went to reside with an old woman who had nursed her mother in her last sickness—an humble but honest old creature, to whom Tessie gave her confidence, while aunt Gale gave her a home.

"You're a good, brave girl, that your mother'd be proud of this day, if she were alive, Miss Tessie," she said; "and Heaven bless the day that you found me out, for I need your bright face sorely."

And now Tessie went out by the day, giving music lessons. She liked this better. She made acquaintances, found variety, yet kept herself intact from the world. She had a strange joy, which she hardly understood, when people complimented her on her beauty, her grace, her tact. In these directions she had advanced much. She was an elegant and intelligent girl, very different from what she had been, and she knew it. Musical people cultivated her. She went out, and aunt Gale constituted herself a sort of dragon, and was always on hand to see her safely home.

"Miss Tessie Verney's maid," people called her, though Tessie said—

"She is not a servant, but an old friend with whom I live."

Where Miss Verney lived no one knew for a long time, and Mr. Thorne, meeting her repeatedly in society, followed her home at a distance unsuspected, and learned the place of her abode.

It was a small, old-fashioned house, in a narrow street, but the neighborhood was quite respectable, and aunt Gale had paid for it out of her savings, and the means left her by her sailor-husband, and in it Tessie was secure.

He made business an excuse and called. But the girl in the low, old-fashioned parlor, would have none of him.

Her time was fully occupied—she could undertake nothing in the way of his pretext; and, baffled, bewitched, and determined to overcome indifference, he came again and asked her hand in marriage.

"Do not be hasty. I have a fortune; you can adorn it," he said, looking into her cold, exquisite face.

"You are going to refuse, but wait, and let me come ag in. Give yourself time to consider."

Tessie consented to this, though her decision she knew to be unalterable, even when aunt Gale wavered.

"Marriage—he offers you marriage, child! Well, that is an honor; and he is a very rich man, you tell me. Perhaps it would be wisdom to accept. You say no? Tell me why?" "I knew a good man once. I am indifferent to all others," Tessie said quietly. And the proud Mr. Thorne received the politest of dismissals. The year passed, and another and another. It was five years since Tessie, a shy girl of sixteen, had ran away from Alan Dunleith and his pity.

Three months later she heard of her uncle's death. He had left her none of his little property. He had never intended to. She was not disappointed. She had been glad to find the world was wide enough for both. She was far happier now. She and the strong old woman mutually benefitted each other. The latter was shrewd and faithful The young girl, with her beauty, her music, her future, enriched her life. She was proud of her, loved her, and Tessie returned her affection. She filled the stiff, still old rooms with music, books and flowers. The small-paned windows were hung with vines. Dingy as the house looked without, it was a bower of living green within.

"I'd never have patience to tend an' fix the flowers myself, but I like to see them, Tessie," the old woman would say.

One day, from the cavity of a blue delf teapot, on an upper shelf of an unused closet, she produced a package.

"Look at these, dear. They're some seeds my old man brought from Japan years ago. I don't know what they'll make—posies of some kind."

I'll plant them and see," replied Tessie, looking at the package of queer, three-cornered brown things.

She put them in a pot of earth and watered them.

"These seeds are old. They are like my hope, and will hardly bear fruition," she mused. She watched anxiously to see shoots appear. "If the seeds grow I will take courage," she said to herself. Tessie had begun to understand herself. She still loved Alan Dunleith, and hoped again to meet him. If she met him now, perhaps—perhaps there would not be so much dissimilarity.

On the fifteenth day, pale, pearly shoots broke the earth, and quickly took on a tinge of green. A color like the rose came into Tessie's cheeks at the sight. Day by day the frail things grew, overrunning the pot with waxy foliage and great buds.

"See what large rich buds, aunt Gale, and I think they are going to bloom into some bright color."

"You think more of that plant than of all the others," answered the old woman, looking at her curiously.

Tessie bent closer. Yes, the buds sheathed petals of red.

She came down late to breakfast the next morning, but had hardly seated herself at the nice repast, before she sprang up, nearly overturning her cup of chocolate.

A wonderful glow of scarlet irradiated the window. Five of the buds had opened. The flowers were of marvelous beauty, of pure, glowing color, velvety in texture, wide and perfect. Already people had gathered in the street before the window to gaze at them.

"Five," mused Tessie, "I wonder if the number has a significance?"

Every day the flowers multiplied, until they drooped in a cascade of fire towards the pane.

One day a gentleman, passing hastily, caught sight of them and stopped. Then he turned and rang the little door-bell. Aunt Gale answered it. The beautiful plant in the window—it was a very rare one, which he had tried for years to add to his collection. Could he purchase a slip of it?

Aunt Gale showed the gentleman into the breakfast-room, where Tessie, all grace and brightness, stood petting a canary bird.

She turned her head, the smile still in her eyes and saw Alan Dunleith.

"Tessie!"

Loving, approving, tender, he looked into the lovely face, grown so suddenly sober, and extended both hands.

And Tessie hesitated but a moment before she laid hers, melting and fair in them.

"You have found me," she said unconsciously.

"I have come for *superba*," he said. "Shall I have it?"

"Wait a little," she answered.

But her shy eye did not tell him nay.

Her blush was eloquent; and as they turned towards the bed of scarlet flowers, both were sure that all this time they had loved each other.

Science.

The Munich Academy of Art has among its 468 students thirty-four Americans.

Geology is said to be the most popular department of science in Spain. The mining exhibition at Madrid is a great success.

The smell of fresh paint in a room may be effectually gotten rid of by placing therein a pail of water in which a few onions have been sliced.

Water used in wool-washing yields 4.50 per cent. of a very dry potassium, which can be recovered, as M. Delattre has shown, at a considerable profit.

Dr. Siemens calculates that the present annual yield of all the coal mines of the earth would suffice to keep up the fire of the sun, at its present intensity of light and heat, for about the forty-millionth part of a second.

According to the *Scientific Californian* an instantaneous remedy in cases of poisoning consists of a heaping teaspoonful of salt and the same quantity of ground mustard stirred in a teacup of warm or cold water and swallowed instantly.

A writer in the *Scientific Californian* suggests a safe method of drinking out of cups at fountains erected for public use. It is to put the lower lip inside of the cup and sip the water, instead of placing the edge of the cup between the lips.

A substitute for India-rubber has been invented by M. M. Dankworth and Landers, of St. Petersburg. It is composed of a mixture of wood and coal-tar, linseed oil, ozokerit, spermaceti and sulphur, which are thoroughly mixed and heated for a long time in large vessels by means of superheated steam.

At a meeting of the Linnean Society, London, last month, Mr. G. Murray exhibited specimens of dace killed by the fungus disease (*Saprolegnia ferax*), the result of inoculation. He asserted that this was the first recorded experimental proof of the possibility that this disease could be communicated to fishes.

Messrs. Elster and Geitel state that the views of Hankel on the electricity of flames, published in 1858, but only recently come to their knowledge, have been confirmed by their own experiments, which show that galvanic elements may be formed of heated gases and metals without the introduction of a flame.

Within the last few years the development of the coal-fields of Asturias has greatly advanced. In 1882, 219,508 tons were raised, against 167,586 in 1878. But the near future, with the demands of railroads and industrial establisnments, will soon make the product much greater than the former figures even give any idea of.

Mr. J. E. H. Gordon, not later than three years ago, was a strong advocate, as he acknowledges himself, of dynamo-electric machines occupying a very small space and driven at a high rate of speed. Now, after a costly series of experiments, he finds that a large machine driven at a comparatively slow rate gives incomparably the best result, and does not endanger life by flying to pieces.

Six Algerian engineers who have been consulted by M. de Lesseps on the inland sea scheme, report that the cutting could be made within five years at a cost of $30,000,000. An average width of eighty or 100 feet would be sufficient, as the current would widen the canal; and since it would be nearly in a straight line the navigation would be devoid of difficulty. A vast tract of country lacking only moisture to become very productive would thus be brought under cultivation.

It has been observed by Swedish engineers that the quantity of phosphorus in the pig-iron manufactured with charcoal is larger than that in the ore and fluxes, even assuming that all of it had gone into the pig. Jansen found that when he melted ores in crucibles the metal obtained ran lower in phosphorus than the pig obtained from the same ore. Sarnstron, in 1881, made some analyses in charcoal, which seem to lead to the conclusion that the excess of phosphorus is due to that species of fuel.

Nickel crucibles, instead of silver ones, are recommended by M. Mermet for use in chemical manipulations. Nickel indeed is slightly attacked by melted potash, but so is silver itself. Nickel crucibles cost at first much less than those made of silver, and, moreover, they have the great advantage of melting at a higher temperature. It often happens that inexperienced chemists melt their silver crucibles in heating them over a gas-lamp; but such an accident is not to be feared in working with crucibles made of nickel.

Major Witte, says the *Journal of the Franklin Institute*, has provided the steam fire-engines of the city of Berlin with pipes for the discharge of compressed carbonic acid into the steam chamber. When the engine starts from the station the boiler is heated; on arriving at the fire the carbonic acid is at first employed as a motor, then the gas and steam work together and finally steam alone is used. By this arrangement the engine is brought into action four or five minutes sooner than would be otherwise possible.

Pious Sentiment.

The living Christian—pure of heart and unspotted by the world—is the best preacher of the gospel in these days.

The Divine Mystery.

The Rev. Dr. Platt, of Rochester, who delivered the baccalaureate sermon at Hobart commencement, closed with the following pretty bit of philosophical poetry:

I nothing am—can nothing be,
Unless a part, O God, of thee;
From God I come—to God I go,
How we are one I do not know.
As stars that shine by single sun,
So life in each is life from One.
Each is for all, and all for each,
In ways no finite thought can reach;
Yet space is here and space is there,
And space is one and everywhere,
So time is day and time is night,
One side the shadow—one the light.
When death unveils this segment soul—
Unsevered part of God the whole—
With God in Christ and Christ in man—
The circle ends where it began.

The warm days in spring bring forth passion flowers and forget-me-nots. It is only after midsummer, when the days grow shorter and hotter, that fruit begins to appear.—*H. W. Longfellow.*

It is not merely selfish, but wicked to live too reclusively and exclusively in our little worlds. It is a crime against self in its true sense to live a life of loniiness and isolation. The mind becomes disorganized and preys on itself, when it is, as it were, hide-bound by the neglect of social obligations.

SUSPICION.—The safest and shortest way to ruin a character is by creating a suspicion. "Suspicions," in Bacon's words, "are like bats among birds, they ever fly by twilight." If your neighbor in business or social life be the object of your dislike, let it be carefully whispered that his affairs are not managed quite as safely as might be, or his habits a little questionable. If a woman hate her rival, a well aimed word will as surely as the touch of an affected hand, blacken her beauty and leave her helpless. Who does not know the power of such insinuation? Who does not meet every day the victims of these unseen wrongs? But it is not necessary for this style of slander to use articulate words; nay, the most inarticulate language is best for its ends. A whisper dropped carelessly in some corner among the combustible—a look, a shrug of the shoulder, a sneer, a laugh may serve the purpose. There is not a sadder feature of human nature than the readiness with which men accept such insinuations, and the rarity with which they have the manhood to repel them. Rumor with most minds is presumptive evidence, and they will say with a knowing air, "There must be some fire in so much smoke."

The Love of Home.

It is only shallow-minded pretenders who either make distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody in America but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them, and they are generally sufficiently punished by public rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself, need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised among the snowdrifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early, that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada.

Its remains still exist, I make to it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the touching narratives and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I am ashamed of it, or if ever I fail in affectionate veneration of him who reared it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and, through the fire and blood of a seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name, and the name of my posterity be blotted forever from the memory of

nk!—*Webster.*

There is but one solid pleasure in life, and that is our duty. How miserable, then, how unwise, how unpardonable are they who make that one a pain.

Lime-water, with a small quantity of acetic acid, is said to make a good ink-eraser.

Facts and Fancies.

—Women visitors to the Yosemite have to ride as men do.

—Victor Hugo is posted among the delinquent tax payers of Jersey for non-payment of taxes on two dogs.

—Hanlan, Lee, Hosmer, Ross and other noted oarsmen are expected to participate in a regatta at Pittsburg a month hence.

—The steamship City of Rome arrived in New York on the 9th, in six days, twenty hours and thirty minutes from Queenstown. The shortest time on record on a west bound trip by two hours and sixteen minutes. The Alaska made an eastbound trip, New York to Queenstown, in six days eighteen hours and thirty-seven minutes.

—Sir Henry Thompson, the London surgeon, recognizes in fish a combination of all the elements of food that the human body requires in almost every phase of life, more especially by those who follow sedentary employment. To women he considers fish to be an invaluable article of diet, but he scouts as a complete fallacy the notion that fish eating increases the brain power.

—The Missouri Bicycle Club are signing this agreement: "We, the undersigned, believing the ordinary attire of bicyclers, the knee breeches, is superior to long pants, have determined to adopt them as a costume for wear at all times during the next twelve months, from September 1, 1883, providing not less than twenty-five men above the age of twenty-one years shall sign this petition and maintain the dignity of the new departure." The agreement is being rapidly signed by young men, who declare themselves in earnest. The attempt to improve masculine costume should be encouraged.

Penn's Cottage Rejuvenated.

The work of reconstructing William Penn's house in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, has been finished. With few exceptions it is the same quaint little house that was built about two hundred years ago, the wood having been brought from England. The rooms are square, having the old fashioned fireplace, and the old and historic mantelpiece has been removed from one room to another, while Penn's wardrobe has been removed to its former position in the second story front room. In consequence of the bad condition of the roof and the cornices new material had to be used in their reproduction. The Historical Society of Pennsylvania has expended several hundred dollars in the work.

Tit For Tat.

"One day," said a gentleman, "before harvest, I met a fashionably dressed person with a large handful of ears of wheat taken from my fields. I saluted him respectfully, and expressed my admiration of the beauty of the wheat. 'Yes,' said he, it is truly a fine sample, and does the farmer great credit who grew it.' I acknowledged the compliment, and asked him from which of my fields he took it. After he had pointed it out, he assured me that he always liked to take a good sampl home, as it interested the ladies. Upon that, noticing with admiration the style of his coat, I asked him to allow me to look at the skirt. He readily did so, and I quietly took out my penknife and cut a large piece from the tail. The gentleman bounced and swore; but I told him I always took samples of cloth, and found that they greatly interested my wife. I added that he had no more right to take my wheat than I had to take his coat, and that I wished the public to bear this truth in mind." This was an experience bought with vengeance.

A Unique Summer Journey.

In unique fashion Mr. P. L. Ronalds, of New York, and his friend, M. J. Davie, are traveling through the country. They reached Nantasket Beach, July 24th, having left Mr. Davis' residence, on Long Island Sound, June 21, in a carriage drawn by a fine span. They have besides, two wagons, one of which in camp is transformed into a parlor and sleeping-room, the other into a kitchen, to which is annexed berths for the assistants, two drivers, one waiter and a French cook. Under the parlor wagon is hung a boat for use when the party reach a pond, lake, river or the shores of the ocean. The wagons were built in England, and with them Mr. Ronalds has traveled over a large part of Europe. He intends to visit all points of interest in New England this summer and fall.

Pupils at schools should be careful in the selection of their associates. The Waterbury (Conn.) *American* tells of five ladies who were school girls together and intimate friends, of whom four have died of cancer and the fifth is now attacked by the same disease.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor

CENTRE HALL, PA., Aug. 30, 1883.

CENTRE COUNTY DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE FOR 1883.

District.	Name.	P. O. Address.
Bellefonte N. W.	J. M. Kichline	Bellefonte
" S. W.	Chas. Smith	"
" W. W.	S. A. McQuistion	"
Howard boro.	Ira C. Leathers	Howard
Milesburg "	James P. Jones	Milesburg
Millheim "	F. P. Musser	Millheim
Philipsburg 1 W	G. G. Herlinger	Philipsburg
" 2 W	Sol Schmidt	"
" 3 W	A. V. Carpenter	"
Unionvle boro	P. J. McDonald	Fleming
Benner twp.	Wm. Ishler	Bellefonte
Boggs "	Frank F. Adams	Milesburg
Burnside "	Henry Meeker	Pine Glen
College "	John Roop	Lemont
Curtin "	John McCloskey	Romola
Ferguson O. P.	J. T. McCormick	State College
" N. P.	L. W. Walker	Rock Springs
Gregg S. P.	John Coldron	Spring Mills
" N. P.	Wm. Luce	Farmers Mills
Haines E. P.	L. P. Stover	Woodward
" W. P.	Geo. Bower	Aaronsburg
Half Moon twp.	J. H. Griffin	Stormestown
Harris "	D. W. Meyer	Boalsburg
Howard "	John Glenn	Howard
Huston "	John L. Miles	Julian
Liberty "	James P. Leinn	Blanchard
Marion "	J. J. Hoy	Walker
Miles "	Ellis B. Shaffer	Madisonburg
Patton "	Agnew Sellers, Jr.	Filmore
Penn "	P. H. Stover	Coburn
Potter N. P.	D. J. Meyer	Centre Hall
" S. P.	Samuel Slack	Tussyville
Rush N. P.	William Cullen	Philipsburg
" S. P.	J. T. Everly	Sandy Ridge
Spring twp.	E. C. Wood	Bellefonte
Snow Shoe "	Wm. R. Haynes	Snow Shoe
Taylor "	Hepburn Blowers	Fowler
Union "	S. K. Emerick	Fleming
Walker "	Joseph Emerick	Hublersburg
Worth "	M. S. Spotts	Port Matilda

WM. C. HEINLE, Chairman.

W MILES WALKER, Secretary.

BUSINESS FAILURES.

Dunn & Co., of the mercantile agency, report that the past week has been an eventful one because of the decline in the value of numerous securities, the depreciation being, however, mainly confined to those in which speculation is most apt to find employment. The consequence to general business has been for the moment to paralyze the slow growth of confidence and to restrict operations until the result of this sudden flurry in values can be seen. The possible effect upon the money market and the facilities afforded to manufacturers and merchants have been the chief ground for apprehension, but the fact of so great a revolution taking place with so few failures and with values recovering so rapidly indicates a healthful condition of things, and it is not believed that the prospects for legitimate trade are in any way likely to be affected. On the contrary, the general feeling in business circles is one of satisfaction with the prospect of a good autumn founded upon the belief that the country is able to buy and pay for a large amount of goods and merchandise, and that its debt paying power was never greater than at present. In dry goods the week has been a fairly satisfactory one with a larger number of buyers present and stocks moving off gradually at prices somewhat better than have hitherto prevailed. In monetary circles the feeling is one of expectation of an abundant supply for all legitimate purposes, while the crop reports continue to be extremely favorable. The grain markets have been somewhat affected by the trouble in Wall street, but prices have been well sustained and close firm with a somewhat better feeling. Provision and pork have done better in the latter part of the week, and showed some internal strength. There has been more activity in the cotton, and the unfavorable reports as to the condition of the coming crops served to strengthen the market. Petroleum, as a rule, has been steady with an upward tendency. Freights are in a better request at fair rates. Wool is still dull and unsatisfactory. The Brazil grades of coffee are firm and well held with a steady demand. A moderate amount of business is doing in raw sugar and prices are firm and unchanged. The demand for refined sugar is quite light and buyers are purchasing as little as possible at present. Prices steady. The business failures throughout the United States and Canada for the last seven days number 170 as compared with 182 last week. The distribution was as follows: New England states, 21; western, 57; southern, 23; Pacific, 12; New York city, 68; Canada, 29.

LIVSEY AN ADHERENT OF THE RING.

If it be true, as Trasurer Baily alleges, that the state deposits cannot be safely withdrawn from several favored banks, it is because the money has been deposited in violation of law, which gave the treasury right to loan the surplus on call only. Instead of that the state treasurer has pursued the dangerous policy of loaning out the moneys far in excess of the liability of his bondsmen, and in some cases far beyond the capital stock of the depositories. Such mismanagement of an important department is the most vital and deep-reaching issue of the campaign. It has been given greater definitness and emphasis by the Republican nomination of the present cashier of the treasury for state treasurer. Livesy is an adherent of the treasury ring, and both he and Niles, republican candidate for Auditor General, are known to be opposed to the enforcement of the Humes act.

Malarial poison can be entirely removed from the system by the use of Ayer's Ague Cure, which contains a sure specific, in the form of a vegetable product used in no other remedy. Warranted.

The register of the land office of the St. Cloud (Minn.) district began the sale of 2,000,000 acres of public land at auction. The price realized was $3.35 per acre.

An enterprising and adventurous Allegheny man married a girl one hour after their first meeting.

Thirty miners have been killed by an explosion in a colliery near Cardiff.

——The bot term is on us, but all can keep comfortable and cool by getting a summer suit at the Philad. Branch, where that kind of goods is now being sold at near cost to close it out, and make room for fall stock. Astonishing bargains are to be had just now at the Philad. Branch and much can be saved by dealing there.

Mr. John Denlinger, Lancaster, Pa., says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for a weak, broken-down constitution. It relieved me very much."

CENTRE COUNTY TEACHERS' EXAMINATIONS, 1883.

Snow Shoe and Burnside—Snow Shoe	Tuesday Aug 14
Huston—Julian	Wednesday " 15
Worth—Port Matilda	Thursday " 16
Taylor—Hannah	Friday " 17
Philipsburg and Rush—Philipsburg	Saturday " 18
Unionville and Union—Unionville	Monday " 20
Liberty—Eagleville	Tuesday " 21
Howard and Curtin—Howard	Wed'y " 22
Walker—Hublersburg	Tuesday " 28
Marion—Jacksonville	Wednesday " 29
Milesburg and Boggs—Milesburg	Thursday " 30
Spring—Pleasant Hill	Friday " 31
Benner—Knox' School House	Saturday, September 1
Patton—Waddle's School House	Monday " 3
Halfmoon—Stormstown	Tuesday " 4
College—Lemont	Wednesday " 5
Ferguson—Pine Grove	Thursday " 6
Harris—Boalsburg	Friday " 7
Millheim and Penn—Millheim Mond.	" 10
Haines—Aaronsburg	Tuesday " 11
Miles—Rebersburg	Wednesday " 12
Potter—Centre Hall	Thursday " 13
Gregg—Spring Mills	Friday " 14

A special examination will be held in the school house, Bellefonte, Saturday, Oct. 6; applicants must come recommended by three directors of the district in which they intend teach.

Examinations begin at 9 o'clock a. m.: applicants must be punctual.

A meeting of Directors is desired on each day of examinations They should permit none except persons of good character to enter the classes.

D. M. WOLF, Co. Supt

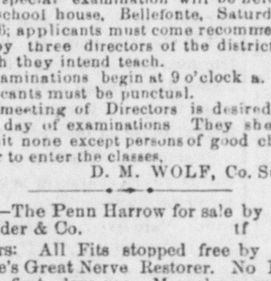
——The Penn Harrow for sale by Alexander & Co. tf

FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first days use. Marvelous cures. Treaties and $2.00 trial bottles free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 631 Arch St., Philad., Pa. 11june y

——Summer suits are now reduced in price, to about cost at the Philad. Branch. That kind of clothing will be needed for several months yet, but Lewins & Co. are anxious to close out the stock on hand before the summer season ends, hence they offer special bargains to all, by reducing the price to near cost. This is a rare opportunity to get a summer outfit, for man or boy.

GRAHAM & SON,

MANUFACTURERS & DEALERS IN BOOTS, SHOES & LEATHER.



If you want good, honest Boots and Shoes—goods that you will be pleased with—buy the following makes, and you will get the best:

E. C. BURTS'
Celebrated Shoes for Ladies and Children.

HANAN & SON'S,
New York, Fine Shoes for Men and Boys, every pair warranted.

J. H. BYRMESS'
Rochester Fine Shoes for Ladies and Children.

In connection with the above fine shoes we have a fine line of MEN'S CALF & KIP BOOTS, PLOW SHOES, BROGANS, & SLIPPERS of every description, at the lowest figures.

☞Remember the place, on Corner of BROCKERHOFF ROW, BELLEFONTE, PENN'A.

11may

SECHLERS! SECHLERS! SECHLERS!

— NEW GOODS —

Just opened a full line of Choice Family GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, such as TEAS, COFFEES, SUGARS, SPICES, CANNED GOODS, DRIED FRUITS, MEATS, NUTS, OYSTERS, FINE CANDIES. *FISH, SYRUPS, ETC.,* Together with GLASS, CHINA, WOOD AND WILLOW WARE, AND HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES OF ALL KINDS.

at the lowest living prices. Goods are all newly bought, strictly fresh, and of the very best kind.

MEAT MARKET.

Beef of the choicest cattle, veal, pork and mutton, fresh and always on hand. 30 nov. tf

GO TO VALENTINES' STORE CO. LIMITED, BELLEFONTE, FOR YOUR DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, NOTIONS, BOOTS AND SHOES, CLOTHING, CARPETS, TRUNKS, WOODEN AND QUEENSWARE.

That is if you want to buy CHEAP and get the best value for your money. They are just in receipt of a full line of Ladies', Misses', Mens', Youths' and. Boys' Hose, Cheviot and White Shirts, Suspenders, Beautiful Fichus and Collars, Babys' Caps, Embroidered Flannel, Alpaca and Gingham Umberellas, Cotton Bats, Spanish and Guipun Lace, Ruffling Saxony Yarn. Their Boot and Shoe Dept. is complete. About arriving, the Renowned Broadhead Alpacas—for which they are Agents—in the latest colors and at the EXTREME low price of 28 cts. per yard. Call and examine them, it will repay you. Daily arrival of Groceries, always Fresh and Good—they make a specialty of Teas which CANNOT be excelled for PURITY, FLAVOR and STRENGTH. Just in receipt of Imperials, Oolongs and Uncolored Japans,

A FARRELL & HERRING SAFE and two of Speers' Stoves for sale CHEAP—Call and see the 5 and 10 cent counters.

VALENTINES STORE CO., LIMITED.
BUSH'S ARCADE, BELLEFONTE, PA.

GO TO VALENTINES' STORE CO. LIMITED, BELLEFONTE, FOR YOUR DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, NOTIONS, BOOTS AND SHOES, CLOTHING, CARPETS, TRUNKS, WOODEN AND QUEENSWARE.

If you want a BICYCLE, TRICYCLE, or a VELOCIPEDE, SEND TO

H. B. HART,

No. 811 Arch St.

Phila. Pa., for a Price list and Catalogue giving full description.

July 18' 83

SPRING MILLS Plaining Mill.

☞The place to buy your best and cheapest Building Material is of

Jas. S. Krape & Co., Spring Mills, Pa.,

who keep all kinds of FLOORING, GERMAN, & SPLIT SIDING, SURFACE BOARDS, WINDOW SASHES, SHUTTERS, BLINDS &c., &c., &c.

Anything wanted not ready will be furnished on short notice.

MATERIAL OF ALL KINDS ALWAYS KEPT ON HAND.

17may 1y

SPRING OPENING '83.

Having completed shelving and fixing up my goods, I extend a cordial invitation to everybody to come and examine my goods, which consist of Clothing, Men's Furnishing Goods Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, and the best assortment of Trunks and Valises in the county. I haven't $40,000.00 worth of goods, I am sorry to say, but what I have is new and of the latest styles. I have good goods, and some cheap goods. I have some of the very best make of the celebrated Rochester goods. I have them to suit young and old, rich and poor. I will not boast of what I will do, but if you give me a call I will do as I always have done: treat you fair and honest and give you the value of your money, and don't you forget it.

Isaac Guggenheimer,

In New Addition to Bush's Arcade, BELLEFONTE, PA.

P. S.—A full stock of the best Leather always on hand.

☞Cash paid for all kinds of hides.

26ap6m

8 acres of John Wanamaker's General Store New York City Hall Philadelphia Mint

Lyon & Co's Store.

LIST OF GOODS AT HALF PRICE!

LYON & CO.

3,000 yards Calico, remnants, pieces running from 2 to 8 yards, but a good many pieces of one pattern, no trouble to select enough of one color to finish out a dress, 4c a yard.

136 Men's Fine Wool Hats.....65 to 75 cents, elsewhere $1 25
136 Men's Finest Fur Hats.....1 25 worth 2 00 to 3 00.,
Some very Fine Hats among them.
136 pair Men's Dress Shoes.....$1 00, elsewhere $1 75
136 " " Sewed shoes..... 1 00, " 1 75
136 " " Sewed Working Shoes..... 1 00, " 1 75
One lot of Boys' Shoes slightly scuffed, need a little blackning.....85, 90 & 95 cents, cost us 1 25 to 2 00
One small lot Men's Patent Leather Dress Shoes...1 50 worth 2 50
One lot Men's Buckle plow shoes.....1 25

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES AT ONE HALF PRICE.

Ladies' Fine Kid Croquet Walking shoes	75c	elsewhere	$1 50
" " " " "	90c	"	1 50
Ladies Plain Shoe	1 00	"	1 50
Ladies Cloth Langtry Walking Shoe	90c	"	1 50
Ladies Fine Newport Walking Shoes	75c	"	1 25
Misse's Oxford Ties	50c	"	1 00
Ladies three strap sandal Walking Shoes	90c	"	1 50
" four button Walking Shoes	90c	"	1 25
Lace Morocco Fine " "	1 00	"	1 50
Ladies Newport Ties	75c	"	1 25
Patent Leather Tip	90c	"	1 65
Child's Yellow Slippers	15c	"	50
" " Button Shoes	45c	"	85
" Basket " "	45c	"	90
" Lace Shoe	30c	"	50
" Button Shoe	40 & 45c	"	60
" Patent Leather Kid Top Button	40c	"	65
" " Spring Heel	49c	"	65
Ladies side lace, one lot, old price	2 00	now	75
Men's fine Patent Leather slippers	65c	elsewhere	1 25
Ladies Leather slippers	50c	"	75
Misses' button shoes	75 & 85c	"	1 25
Ladies " "	1 00 & 1 25	"	1 50 & 2 00
" box-toe fine kid foxed	1 25	"	2 00
" fine lace shoes	90c	"	1 50
Misses fine button shoes	1 00	"	1 50
Ladies fine lace shoes	1 00	"	1 50
Ladies fine button shoes	75c	"	1 50
Men's plain lace shoes	1 00	"	1 75

MEN'S CLOTHING AT ONE HALF PRICE.

Men's spring bottom black Pants	75c	elsewhere	1 50
" black Pants	75c	"	1 50
" light Cassimere all wool Pants	1 25	"	2 00
" " " "	2 00	"	4 00
" black all wool Diagonal	2 00	"	4 00
" " "	3 00	"	4 50
" dark extra heavy all wool very fine Pants	3 50	"	6 00
" ⅔ wool pants gray mixed	1 00		
One lot of wool Pants slightly faded cost us	$4 to $5	for	1 50 to 2 00

ONE LOT OF SUITS ALL WOOL.

One Lot of Dark & Light all Wool Cassimere Suits Marked Down to Cost.

We Are Overstocked.

10 dollar suit down to 7. 11 dollar suit down to 9 50. 16 dollar suit down to 12 50. 8½ dollar suit down to 5½. Another 8½ dollar suit down to 6½.

A few black Diagonal Suits at 4 dollars that is just half price. A few nearly all wool black Diagonal 5 dollars, elsewhere 11 dollars. A strictly all wool fine Diagonal Suit 10 dollars elsewhere 15 dollars. Grand Army Blue, very fine all wool 10 dollars, elsewhere 13 dollars.

Boys' and Children's Clothing One-Half Price.

An all wool blue Sailor Suit	1 50	elsewhere	3 00
A very fine blue " "	2 00	"	4 50
A very fine blue " "	3 50	"	6 00
Children's Suits, good quality	1 75	"	2 50
Boys' suits, 10 to 17 years	2 00	"	4 50
Boys' suits, " " " all wool	3 00	"	5 00
Boys' suits, " " "	3 50	"	5 50

DRESS GOODS, SHIRTINGS, &c., AT ONE HALF PRICE.

Fine Cheviot shirting	8c	elsewhere	12
Dress Plaids	8, 10, 12	elsewhere	12½ to 20
Bed Spreads at one-half	38, 50, 60, 75	"	75, 90, 1 00, 1 25
Another lot Brocaded Sateens	16c	elsewhere	30
Another lot Brocaded Sateens	12½c	elsewhere	30
Double Width Alpacas, a few left yet	12½	old price	35

One Lot of Embroideries, about 500 Yards, at One-Half Price.

The upper line of prices show what they are actually worth, lower line our reduced prices:

10	12	14	15	20	30	35	45	55	75
5	7	8	10	12½	20	25	30	35	40

One Lot of Crape Sets, Cuffs and Collars 20c, old price 75c.

Everybody Knows by this time that our Ribbons are One-Half of Other's Prices. Sash Ribbons 6 to 8 in. wide 25 to 40c.

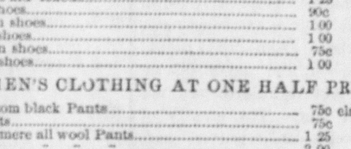
Child's regular made Hose		6 pair for 25c
One lot of all Silk Colored and Black Sash Ribbon	25c a yd.	actual value 75 & 1 00
Child's and Misses Hose		4 pair for 25c, elsewhere 10c

SEND FOR SAMPLES.

June 28 LYON & CO.

STORED SOLAR MAGNETISM

Wilsonia Insoles. Wilsonia Appliances.



THE GRANDEST DISCOVERY OF THE AGE!

These Insoles keep the feet dry and warm on the coldest days. Consult your health. Avoid colds, with all their consequent ills, by wearing a pair of WILSONIA MAGNETIC INSOLES. PRICE, 50 CENTS; 5 pairs for $2.00. FREE BY MAIL.

WILSONIA CURES ALL FORMS OF DISEASE.

It has been successful in eighty-five cases in each one hundred. For over three years in England and America these Appliances have been doing a marvelous work among invalids. No medicine required. So-called incurables taken from the hospitals and cured. Chronic invalids restored to the blessing of health. Thousands who have squandered their time, their money and best days experimenting with medicine without success, are to-day enjoying life by having worn Wilsonia. One says: "I would not take $1,000 for what Wilsonia has done for me in one week." Another, "I was paralyzed for five and a half years. Wilsonia cured me in a few months. I would not take $50,000 and be as I was one year ago." Another, "I had rheumatism for twenty-three years, suffering great pain. The Wilsonia Appliances have taken away all the pain, and I can dance like a boy." Another "I had catarrh and deafness and dyspepsia, for many years. Wilsonia has cured me entirely. Words cannot express my gratitude." Give size of shoe, and whether for lady or gentleman. Send price in stamps.

WILSONIA MAGNETIC CLOTHING CO.,
25 East 14th Street, New York.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take ONE PILL EACH NIGHT FROM ONE TO TWELVE WEEKS, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing is possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Send for pamphlet. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

Hotels.

CENTRE HALL HOTEL.

D. J. MEYER, Prop'r.

FOR SUMMER BOARDERS AND TRANSIENT CUSTOM.

Good Table, healthy locality, pure mountain water, surrounded by finest natural scenery in the state. Schools and churches convenient. Terms very reasonable. 16aug tf

New Brockerhoff House.

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE, ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA.
G. G. McMILLEN, Prop'r.

Good Sample Rooms on First Floor.
☞Free Buss to and from all trains.☜
Special rates to witnesses and jurors. 6jun,

BUSH HOUSE, W. R. Teller, proprietor, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to country trade. june16y

CUMMINGS HOUSE, BELLEFONTE, PA.
EMANUEL BROWN, Proprietor.

The traveling community will find this hotel equal to any in the county in every respect, for man and beast, and charges very moderate. Give it a trial. 29june tf

$72 A week at home by the industrious. Best business now before the public. Capital not needed. We will start you. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time, or give your whole time to the business. No other business will pay nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay, by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co. Augusta, Maine. 11jan1y

DR. G. W. KLINE, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Potters Mills, Pa.

All calls, day and night, promptly attended to. Has had several years successful practice. 11jan6m

Dentists.

DR. G. W. HOSTERMAN, Dentist, Centre Hall. Office at residence on Church street, opposite Lutheran Church. Will give satisfaction in all branches of his profession either administered. 14mar

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS.—Dentist, Millheim. Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession. He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. my 2 78

Druggists.

J. ZELLER & SON, DRUGGISTS, Bellefonte, Pa.

Dealer In DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PERFUMERY, FANCY GOODS, &c

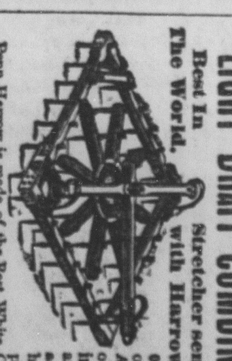
Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept.

DANIEL PRUTZMAN, BOOT AND SHOEMAKER.

after April 1st will open in the Durst building, when he will be prepared to make to order Boots and Shoes, and do all kinds of repairing. Satisfaction guaranteed, and charges reasonable. He asks a share of the public patronage. 8mar tf

LIGHT DRAFT COMBINATION PENN HARROW.

Best In The World.



Stretcher sent with Harrow. | Wheel Revolves and gives the ground shoe, therefore will do double the work of any other Harrow and save the farmer half his labor. Another great advantage the Penn Harrow has over any other, it can be so easily changed into Five Different Harrows, a Corn Marker and a Complete Sled for each Harrow, without adding an extra piece or bolt. Thus the farmer has all the Harrows in the one required on his place, and they are adapted to any soil.

Penn Harrow is made of the Best White Oak, with Steel Teeth, Well Painted and in every way first-class. Formerly a Harrow was the most unhandy implement on the farm, with our improvements it is the most convenient, and a great saving of time and labor, look to your interest and buy the Penn Harrow. Manufactured only by the

Penn Harrow Manufacturing Co.
Camden, New Jersey.
Opposite Philadelphia, Pa.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

THE BEST TONIC.

Cures Completely Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Liver and Kidney Complaints. Druggists and Physicians endorse it.

Use only Brown's Iron Bitters made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore. Crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

FARMERS who are interested in Growing Crops cheaply and successfully should write us for our pamphlet on pure fertilizers. ☞A good fertilizer can be made at home for about $12 a ton by composting with POWELL'S PREPARED CHEMICALS. References in Every State. ☞Agents wanted for unoccupied territory. Apply with references.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO.

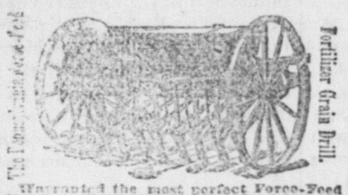
Manufacturers of

Powell's Tip-Top Bone Fertilizer,

Bone, Potash, Ammonia, &c.

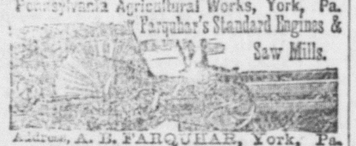
16 LIGHT STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

F. M Barkholder Centre Hill, Ag't.



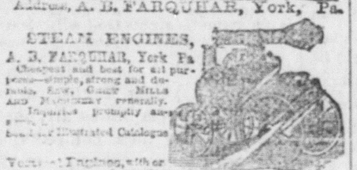
Fertilizer Grain Drill.

Warranted the most perfect Force-Feed Fertilizer Drill in existence. Send for circular. A. B. FARQUHAR, York, Pa. Pennsylvania Agricultural Works, York, Pa.



Farquhar's Standard Engines & Saw Mills.

Address, A. B. FARQUHAR, York, Pa.



STEAM ENGINES,

A. B. FARQUHAR, York Pa

Cheapest and best for all purposes—simple, strong and durable. Saw Mills and Portable Grist Mills a specialty.

Illustrated Catalogue

Fig. 2.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

THE FARQUHAR SEPARATOR

(Warranted.)

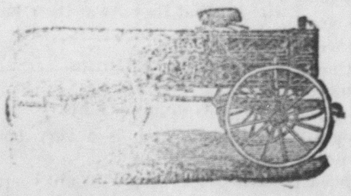
Address A. B. FARQUHAR, York, Pa.

FARQUHAR KEYSTONE CORN PLANTER

Warranted the best corn dropper and most perfect force-feed fertilizer distributer in the world. Drops

FOR CATALOGUE, Address A. B. FARQUHAR, York, Pa.

WAGONS!



CARRIAGES,

PHAETONS,

BUGGIES,

ROAD CARTS.

For Terms and Prices address,

FISH BROS. & CO.,

RACINE, WIS.

Or call on

HOW MANY MILES DO YOU DRIVE? THE

ODOMOTER

WILL TELL

This instrument is no larger than a watch. It tells the exact number of miles driven to the 1-1000th part of a mile; counts up to 1,000 miles; water and dust tight; always in order; saves horses from being over-driven; is easily attached to the wheel of a Buggy, Carriage, Sulky, Wagon, Road Cart, Sulky Plow, Reaper, Mower, or other vehicles. Invaluable to Liverymen, Pleasure Drivers, Physicians, Farmers, Surveyors, Draymen, Expressmen, Stage Owners, &c. Price only $5.00 each, one third the price of any other Odometer. When ordering give diameter of the wheel. Sent by mail on receipt of price, post paid. Address

McDONNEL ODOMETER CO.,
2 North La Salle St., Chicago.

☞Send for Circular. 26july 2½m.

Cut This Out & Return to us with TEN CTS. Silver, & you'll get by mail, a GOLDEN BOX OF GOODS that will bring you in MORE MONEY in One Month than anything else in America. Absolute Certainty. Either Sex. No capital. M. Young, 173 Greenwich St. N. York.

FITS STOPPED FREE. Marvelous success. Insane Persons Restored. DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA. Aug. 30, 1883.

CHEWING LIVE COALS.

A brazier of burning charcoal was brought in, and the charcoal fanned into a blaze. The sheik then went through an invocation, and suddenly with his bare feet jumped upon it and stood there for nearly a minute, the lurid flame curling round them. The moment he got off the serpent-eaters rushed forward and filled their mouths with the red-hot charcoal, which was again fanned, the smell of burning flesh becoming powerful and sickening as they crunched the glowing morsels. Live coals are possibly the antidote to snakes after you have eaten them, but the general effect of all this strange diet was beginning to have a powerful influence upon the nerves of some of the lady spectators, who protested that they were unable to witness further horrors. A man now stepped forward, stripped to the waist, with a skin almost as fair as a European's. His face had none of that expression of fanatical insanity which characterized some of his fraternity, but was calm and somewhat commonplace. The sheik reappeared armed with a skewer of larger dimensions than he had thrust through the cheeks of the first victims, to the end of which was attached a heavy iron ball, and proposed to run it through the man's throat from the front, bringing it out at the nape of his neck. At this there was a general scream of horror and dismay. In vain did the sheik protest that the operation would be absolutely painless, and show us the indurated spots on the opposite side of the man's neck through which the instrument was in the habit of passing, while the man himself smiled with a blank expression of disappointment at being deprived of a pleasure to which he was apparently looking forward. The repugnance of some of our party was not to be overcome, and the sheik turned with an expression of contempt to make preparations for what was to follow. Pushing the same dervish's waist-cloth down an inch of two, he revealed a row of cicatrices which made a semi-circle extending round his body. He then drew a curved knife, about eight inches long and nearly two broad, from a sheath, and proposed to plunge it to the hilt in his stomach. It had a short wooden handle about four inches in length, and there was no possibility of the blade slipping back into the handle. But here again he was stopped by a cry of horror from the ladies. This time the man earnestly joined his protestations to those of the sheik; his credit seemed at stake, as there were women on the house-tops who began to chatter, and a general look of dissatisfaction on the part of the spectators in the court-yard. I examined both the scars and the knife. The former were thin, beautifully-healed incisions; the latter as sharp as a razor and of the finest steel. I am very sorry that veracity compels me to leave this most interesting experiment to the reader's imagination. The party had now made up their minds to leave the place, and seemed to have no other idea than a hurried escape from its precincts, so we made rather an ignominious exit, leaving the sheik bewildered and somewhat indignant at our pusillanimous conduct.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A BEDOUIN HORSEMAN.

While climbing slowly up a steep bank on the opposite side, a Bedouin of the tribe of Ben Issacher, mounted on a pretty black mare, overtook us at full gallop. He pulled up and joined our party, and we talked to him for some time through Karam. Albert offered to buy his long spear with silver-bound joints. At one end was an iron point to stick into the ground when not in use, and at the other a short point of burnished steel. He was a most friendly and affable Bedouin, and showed us all his arms—pistol, sword, knife, and so forth. When we arrived at the rocky plateau at the top of the hill, he gave a sort of performance for our amusement, galloping about and whirling his lance with dramatic effect and many loud cries, as he thrust at and parried thrusts from an imaginary enemy. He turned and twisted his mare about with incredible ease and swiftness, only guiding her with a halter, for the bit, which is scarcely ever used except in warfare, hung idly from his saddle all the time. We rode together for some distance, and at parting, he took the charm from the horse's neck—a crescent-shaped piece of wood—and presented it to me with a graceful salaam. Altogether we were rather pleased with our fellow-traveler, until old Hadji Hassan let out that his parting words had been a strongly expressed wish to find any two of us alone in a place where he could use his weapons in earnest. Six together were beyond his ideas, so he made the best of his disappointment.—*Mrs. Brassey, in Fraser's Magazine.*

A conceited young country Parson, walking home from church with one of the ladies of his congregation, said, in allusion to his rustic audience: "I preached this morning to a congregation of asses." "I thought of that," observed the lady, "when you called them beloved brethren."

For the prompt and certain cure of erysipelas, use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which is the specific endorsed by the most eminent medical authorities.

A private message to the Boston *Post* says that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals threatens to arrest Jay Gould, Cyrus W. Field, Russel Sage, and a number of other New York farmers. They havent watered their stock for over a month.

One hundred and forty deaths from cholera have occurred among the British troops in Egypt since the outbreak of the disease.

Brigands have captured the Governor and several Councillors of Florian, near Salonica. They demand £20,000 for the ransom of the captivrs.

A census was recently taken of Du-Bois, which shows the population to be 5,119, exclusive of the floating population, which is estimated at 1,100. A few years ago it was a mere lumber camp.

——At the Philad. Branch you always get the full worth of your money when you buy a suit of clothes. No purchaser is sent off dissatisfied, and no customer has cause to complain. Lewin & Co. do business upon strictly honest principles, and treat all alike—rich and poor, high and low, in men's and boys' suits. The Philad Branch is one of the foremost and best established clothing houses in the state.

Richfield Springs isn't such an out-of-the-way place, says the Utica *Herald*, "when one gets there." No, the rest of of the world is out of the way then.—*Rochester Herald (Ind.)*

A landlord of Breslau murdered his five children and committed suicide.

STUNNED.

Frail woman, frailest of the race,
How oft she suffered sore,
But cures are coming on apace
By which her pains are o'er:
Peruna chief among them all,
and *Manalin* to boot,
With these we lift the funeral pall,
While quacks stand stunned and mute

NOTHING IN THE WORLD EQUAL TO IT FOR THE CURE OF

SCROFULA, PIMPLES, BOILS, OLD SORES, MERCURIAL DISEASES & MALARIA.

DOCTOR LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER

ITCH, —ALL— FEMALE COMPLAINTS. For LOSS OF APPETITE IT HAS NO EQUAL.

R. F. SELLERS & CO. PROPRIETORS. PITTSBURGH, PA.

Cards—Attorneys.

C. P. HEWES, Attorney-at-Law. Practices in all the Courts. Office in the Furst building, Bellefonte. 2mayt f

JOHN BLAIR LINN, Attorney-at-Law, Office on Allegheny street, Bellefont. feb 1f

D. F. FORTNEY, Attorney-at-Law, Office in old Conard building, Bellefonte

C. T. Alexander. C. M. Bower

ALEXANDER & BOWER, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA. Office in Garman's new building.

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney-at-Law Collections promtly made and special attention given to those having lands or property for sale. Will draw up and have acknowledged Deeds, Mortgages, &c. Bellefonte, Pa.

J. L. SPANGLER, Attorney-at-Law Consultations in English and German. Office in Furst's new building

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MANHOOD

How Lost, How Restored.

Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical cure of Spermatorrhœa or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., also Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits, induced by self-indulgence, or sexual extravagance, etc.

The celebrated author, in this admirable essay clearly demonstrates from his successful practice that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually cured; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and man in the land.

Sent under seal in a plain envelope, to any address post paid, on receipt of six cents or two postage stamps. Address,

THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO. 41 Ann St. New York, P. O. box, 4503

COMPLETE

WHEAT AND HEAT AND GRASS GRASS

FERTILIZER

—FOR—

$25 PER TON.

—)o(—

This article has given universal satisfaction, and the sales have grown enormously. Orders should be sent in at once to secure prompt shipment

$25.00

Per ton of 2,000 Pounds. On Cars or Boat in Philadelphia. Guaranteed Analysis printed on each Bag.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR. ADDRESS

BAUGH & SONS,

Sole Manufacturers

20 SO. DELAWARE AVE. Philadelphia, Pa.

26aug1m

ROYAL

ORGAN

Guaranteed Strictly First Class.

For Beauty of Finish, Pipe like Tone, Superiority of Action, Work and Thoroughness of Construction they stand unrivalled.

ELEGANT CATALOGUES FREE.

ADDRESS: WHITNEY ORGAN CO., Sole Manufacturers Royal Organs, DETROIT, MICH.

Grand Spring Opening

OF ALL THE LATEST

NOVELTIES.

Wolf & Son's New Stock

is Complete in Every Department, Embracing:

Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Trimmings, Fancy Goods, Notions, Clothing, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Trunks, Satchels, Groceries, Flour, &c., &c., &c.

AND IN FACT EVERYTHING KEPT IN A FIRST CLASS MERCANTILE STORE.

SUMMER DRESS GOODS

In the Latest Styles and Designs, to which we especially invite the attention of the Ladies.

AN ELEGANT LINE OF LADIES', MISSES' & CHILDREN'S FINE SHOES,

OUR STOCK OF

CLOTHING

—AND—

Gent's Furnishing Goods, &c.

IS COMPLETE AND FOR CHEAPNESS and DURABILITY Cannot be Excelled.

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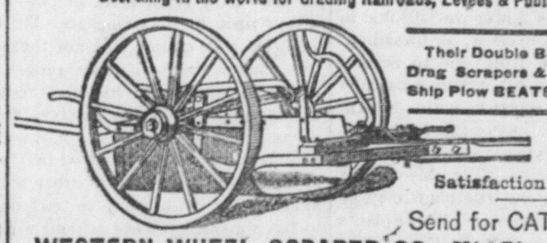

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Prices low and all work turned out first-class.

COME AND SEE OUR WORK

jan27

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Michael Shultz dec'd, late of Gregg township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement. M. L. RISHEL.

2aug6t Adm'r Farmers Mills, Pa

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(Patented.)

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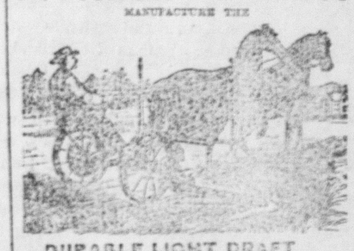

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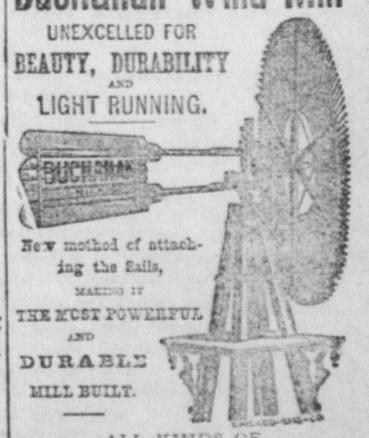

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Weighing from 90 to 160 lbs. Prices from $30 to $80

☞First-Class in every respect, and everybody likes them. Send for Illustrated Price List.

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ESTABLISHED 1857.

THE BROOKLET.

By A. Ashmun Kelly.

Brooklet! wandering to the river,
Singing low and sweet as ever,
Past the ferns and drooping grasses,
Sunny slopes and rocky passes,
What the song thou'rt singing ever,
Wandering to the distant river?

Flowing on and on forever,
Seeking still the distant river,
What the song thou'rt always trilling,
All the air with gladness filling?
What the song thou'rt singing ever,
Seeking still the distant river?

Dream you summer lingers ever,
'Twixt your flow and distant river?
Dream you that the pretty flow'rs
E'er will court these sunny hours?
Brooklet! careless, laughing rover,
Soon the summer will be over!

When the earth in coldness slumbers,
Then will cease your happy numbers,
When the Ice King, cold and hoary,
Spreads his frosty mantle o'er thee,
Then thou'lt cease thy joyous numbers,
Brooklet! when the cold earth slumbers!

Sing thy song as gay as ever,
Flowing to that distant river.
Summer's here, why should we borrow
Of the Winter's chilling sorrow!
Joy is brief—let's not destroy it;
Life is sweet—let's then enjoy it!

Letter from Italy.

"FIRENZE LA BELLA."—ITS MANIFOLD BEAUTIES OF NATURE AND ART—THE FETE OF SANTA ANNA.

Florence, "Firenze la Bella," July 26, 1883.

I wished to write to you long before, and made the effort; but my poor eyes, much tried by dazzling Italian sunlight, and without rest in this true "city of flowers and flower of cities"—so replete it is with every sort of beauty to fascinate and delight them—were not sufficient for the task.

Though it would be impossible to become thoroughly acquainted with Florence in so short a time, yet I have seen more of the beauty and inexhaustible richness of human art (which attained its fulness here, its high-tide mark which appears unattainable again), than anything I had previously seen could have led me to dream of.

The richness in coloring and unconscious grace in form and attitude which distinguish the paintings of Ghirlandio, Massacio, and Lippi, and their followers of the old Florentine school; the heaven-sent glory of purity and true devotion which give Fra Angelico's paintings the effect of the prayers and visions by which they must have been inspired; the traces and remembrances of the master spirit of Michael Angelo which still seem to linger round the honored city which he cherished with so deep a patriotism; the stern simplicity, the grandeur, and the all-pervading, seemingly unconscious, grace of all its public buildings, endorsed with the divinest gift of taste, and so free from the idle, ostentatious, and wearisome heaping up of ornament, so often met with in Southern and semi-Oriental Italy; the beautiful crown of most fertile hills which encircles it; the winding streams of the Arno (with its wonderful Ponte Vecchio, unique among bridges) which divide it, and from any slight distance are seen in their remote windings close up to the far looming Apennines; the eternal beauties of nature—mother and mistress of art—which afford their inspiration and rest everywhere around the city; and also the fairy gardens and avenues where nature herself has been given form by art: these are among the thousand delights which Florence has given me to enjoy.

Besides the Uffizi and Pitti galleries, with their far most precious of all collections of the jewels of painting, I have been to the suppressed convent of St. Mark, where each of the numerous cells has its fresco from the hand of Fra Angelico, or one of his worthy pupils. Quite half of them are from his own hand, and besides these there are three or four of his *paintings*, and in the chapter-house his splendid great master fresco of the Crucifixion. I saw his room, that of San Antonio who preached to the fishes—("*O surdis quoque piscibus*," many preachers since)—and that of the martyr Savonarola, with many relics of him, including the crucifix, painted by Beato Angelico, which he used to hold up in his hand when he walked in the street. Of far less interest there is too the room where Cosmo, "*padre della patria*" (uncle of Lorenzo the Magnificent), used to live. In still another hall there is an admirable fresco of the Last Supper, by Ghirlandaio.

But at this rate my list will never end. The Duomo and its Baptistery, with its marvellous doors, which I pass every day and rarely without stopping to discover new beauties of design and workmanship; Santa Croce, with the monuments of Michael Angelo, Galileo, Machiavelli, Alfieri; Sta. Maria Novella, Michael Angelo's favorite; Santo Spirito; la Santissima Annunziata; the Carmine, Badia, or San Michele, and nine other ancient churches—many of them fit shrines for the glorious master-pieces of the dawn of modern art—the suburban basilicas of San Miniato and Fiesoli, as well as a Roman amphitheatre at the last place; the Palazzo Vecchio; the Buonoroto Gallery, placed in the house inhabited by the master and containing some objects of the greatest interest; the Mercato Vecchio, with its statue of Plenty; and hundreds of places and buildings, quaint and interesting from a thousand associations, must be added to my list among them the Loggie of Orcagna, of the Bargello, and of the Mercato Nuovo, and the dwellings of Dante, of Machiavelli, and the countless Florentine great.

Yesterday was the fête of Santa Anna, and the anniversary of the expulsion of the tyrant Duke of Athens, and, accordingly, for the five hundred and fortieth time the flags of the city companies were hung around the small but beautifully adorned church of Or San Michele, above the niches, each adorned with the grand works of Gian di Bologna, Ghiberti and Donatello, at the expense of the different guilds, and surrounded by the arms of the company which erected it. The interior of the church was all strewn with orange leaves, giving forth a very pleasant odor; and Florentine patricians were constantly entering to pay their devotions.

—Bryn Mawr, (Pa). Home News.

Floral.

The Season of Lilies.

It is now the season of lilies. We see them everywhere from the car windows as we whirl through the country. Like a flame they appear in swamps and meadows. To perfect their glorious color the full heat of summer is required. They come with the golden daisies, the St. Johnswort, the yellow-topped aster, the evening primroses and other glowing tints of July. The first of these lilies to appear is the smaller orange species, with flower erect, like some precious cup of holy grail. It is the Philadelphian lily of botanists, and grows in dry or sandy soil; for that matter, it is quite various in habit. The perianth is spotted within with purplish dots, and the whole height of the plant is from two to three feet. Ere this passes out of flower we will find in wet meadows the yellow, or Canadian, lily. There are from one to several flowers to a plant, all of these gracefully nodding, and spotted with brown. Again, still later, comes the Turk's-cap lily, *Lilium superlum*, perhaps the finest of our wild species. The flowers are often numerous, and the plant may be six or eight feet in height. These plants are a magnificent sight in their native location, and may easily be made to grow in gardens. They have the sepals or divisions of the flower strongly curled backward or revolute. The flower is a yellower orange than the tiger lily of the florists, and is spotted with purple within.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say that the pond lilies, which gladden our city streets in summer, are not true lilies. The family *Nymphæaceæ*, indeed, are quite remote in relationship, finding their nearest allies in magnolias, buttercups and the like. They attain their highest expression in the famous *Victoria Regia* of the Amazons, the leaves of which, floating on the water, will support a child. It was from the extraordinary veining of these great leaves that Paxton is said to have derived his plan for constructing the roof of the Crystal Palace in Sydenham.

All the rafters, so to speak, are curiously buttressed and supported, giving the greatest strength with the least material. The flowers of the *Victoria* are among the most superb of natural objects; they are magnified and transcendant pond-lilies. With all their beauty, however, we doubt if they can excel our own lovely and sweet-scented flower.

The wild lillies, like many natural objects (notably sea-shells and marine life of all sets), lose much of their beauty in the prosaic environment of our homes. They are "lilies of the field," and there we must go to see them.

Rose Insects.

Vick's Monthly states that a good remedy for the insects which infest the rose, is to syringe both surfaces with a solution of whale-oil soap, using one pound of the soap to one gallon of water. Another remedy is kerosene mixed with an equal quantity of milk, a spoonful of the mixture being then stirred in a gallon of water. Caution is recommended in the use of carbolic acid on plants, as it will destroy them if used too freely. It is advised to mix a few drops in soap suds made from soft soap and try its strength on weeds.

Scab on Sheep.

The only method of ridding the diseased sheep of the scab is to dip them into a liquid which will penetrate and soften the scabby portions, and even then it is often necessary to rub these places with something rough to open the scabs and let the liquid take effect. A sheep dip made of one ounce of sulphur and four ounces of tobacco to a gallon of water has been found very effective. In the water, which should be at the boiling point, steep tobacco stems or leaves, and add the sulphur later; then allow the liquid to cool down, when the sheep may be immersed.

Standard Jersey Bulls.

The publication of records of tests under which Jersey cows have produced fourteen pounds or more of butter in seven days has resulted, by common consent, in the adoption of a new standard by which butter-producing cattle will be hereafter judged. The production of fourteen pounds or more in a week has been quite generally accepted by breeders as being enough to entitle a cow to rank as a standard animal, but it was not so easy to decide upon a scale which should entitle a bull to a place in the list of standard sires.

Some months ago a scale was published under which any registered Jersey bull would be standard, "the butter tests of whose dam and sire's dam average at least fourteen pounds of butter in seven days." As this requirement ruled out most of the best bulls, it failed to meet the approval of Jersey breeders. Such famous bulls as Perlinnalti, Imported Tormentor, Sweepstakes Duke, Duke of Darlington, and a host of others, including all the imported sires of great butter cows, would be ineligible under the rule mentioned.

For a list of standard sires in the Jersey Butter-Test Record the following rules have been proposed. They seem to cover every case where a bull has given proof of strong power to produce butter-makers of merit, and also where there is, from the breeding of the animal, reason for supposing that he will be a sure producer of such cows. To be eligible for entry in any one of the classes proposed a bull must be:

First—Sire of at least two standard cows out of different dams.

Second—Son of a standard cow, and sire of a standard cow or of a standard bull.

Third—Son of a standard bull and sire of a standard cow or of a standard bull.

Fourth—Son of a standard bull and a standard cow.

An animal entitled to entry in class one will have given proof of power to bestow upon his offspring good butter-qualities. To go into either of the next two classes the bull must prove his power to transmit to his offspring the butter qualities he has received from one or either of his parents. Class four provides for young bulls which will have, it is to be presumed, great merit as sires, but which may be too young to have given evidence of their worth. A bull must be at least 42 months old before he can have given evidence of his right to place in either of the first three classes.—*Thoroughbred Stock Journal, Phila.*

Mormons Balked of Their Prey.

United States Troops Protecting Women from Forcible Degradation.

In the spring of 1854 a party was organized at Salt Lake City for the purpose of crossing the plains to California, a majority of its members being newly enlisted recruits for the army, designed to fill up a number of depleted commands on the coast. It was at a time when the Mormons were unusually averse to the presence of Gentiles in their midst, and during the winter months, which the party spent in Salt Lake City, many disturbances had occurred and bitter fueds had been engendered between the Mormon residents and the gradually increasing party. So serious indeed had the situation become that on one occasion early in the spring the Mormons violently assaulted a detached portion of the command and seriously wounded several members of the party, necessitating the commander, Colonel Steptoe, to place the men under arms and station double guards constantly about their barracks to prevent their being surprised and possibly massacred. When the snow cleared in the spring the party moved upon the banks of Beaver river to fatten up their stock and prepare for the wearisome and tedious journey to be taken across the plains and mountains to the Golden State. Their leaving the city did not serve to lessen the hatred of the Mormons, however, and the party still found themselves submitted to every class of indignity and forced to conduct themselves most circumspectly to avoid serious trouble. In the midst of all this bad feeling a Mormon woman came to the camp accompanied by her daughter, a young woman almost grown. She was admitted into the presence of General Ingalls, then a captain, and Colonel Steptoe, commander of the party, being absent for some reason, her conference was held with him. Her story was one calculated to inspire sympathy in the heart of almost any one, and Captain Ingalls, without any further questions of hesitancy, guaranteed her the desired protection. She had married a Mormon gentleman in the States and had not long been a resident of Utah. Her husband was not a polygamist, however, and their married life had been a happy one. About a year previous he had died and lately the leaders of the church had been making persistent efforts to induce her to marry another man, one already possessed of a sufficient number of wives.

Her daughter had also been importuned to marry, to which both had entered objection. The persistent efforts of the Mormons to force them to do as they dictated were akin to persecution, and the mother and daughter determined upon flight as their only means of immunity from further persecutions. Captain Ingalls was fully aware of the consequences of his action, but determined to afford them a safe conduct to California, and accordingly provided quarters for them.

Just before the train was to start on its journey Westward, the Mormons learned that two women, whose disappearance had created quite a commotion, and for whom search had been instituted in every quarter, were with the accursed Gentiles, who proposed to frustrate their designs. Accordingly a large party of their "minute men," over a thousand strong, armed to the teeth and fully equipped, and headed by no less a personage than Brigham Young himself, was hastily summoned and marched to the camp on the Bear River. The Mormons outnumbered the United States troops five to one, and were fully armed and well disciplined. Only a few of the Gentile party had suitable arms, a majority of them being civilians on their way across the continent, and the troops were perfectly raw, new recruits. The little party was surrounded and every preparation made for a fight, but they showed no symptoms of weakening. All trouble could be avoided by surrendering the women, but this the officer would not do. Brigham Young went to them—Ingalls did the talking. When the Mormon apostle made his demand for the surrender of the women the young officer stoutly refused to give them up. "You may wipe this little command out of existence," said he, "but you can't have these women. I have promised them protection, and they shall have it. You have got force sufficient to annihilate a bigger force than ours but you will have the United States to whip before you are through with the job. Whenever you are ready to commence operations, open fire!" The men were ordered into line, and the Mormon escort withdrew with Brigham to the main body of their force. They held a consultation, and concluded to let Ingalls take the women. And he did, too. A day or two later the party started for the West, and reached California safely. They were bothered and bedeviled in every imaginable way by the Mormons until they were across the Sierras, but they were never molested by an armed force. To make complete whatever romance there may be about the incident, it can be added that, after the arrival of the party at San Francisco, the younger of the two women was married to a young man who belonged to the party.

How to Save One's Self From Drowning.

W. H. Pottinger, of Hamilton, Ontario, Can., an experienced swimmer, furnishes the following few remarks upon the vital importance of knowing how to keep one's self afloat when suddenly immersed in deep water: "When you find yourself in deep water you will sink first a few feet down, but if you do not struggle you will come quickly to the surface again, which on reaching immediately draw a full breath, throw your head back, and this will have the effect of placing you in a recumbent position on the surface of the water. Now, this is a most critical time for those who don't know what to do next. Extend your arms at once on a level with your shoulders, palms of hands downward, so that the water cannot penetrate them, and begin gently paddling the water with the movement of the hands from the wrist only. Extend your legs quietly and slowly in a line with your body. If you raise your arms or your legs above the surface of the water you will sink, but if you have the presence of mind not to do so, or struggle about, you will never sink so long as you keep paddling gently, without exertion, with your hands, and so you may float on until you are picked up or until you are numbed by cold."

William Stafford, who is ranked as one of the leading tragedians of the country, is claimed to have this season one of the finest companies ever seen in tragedy. The costumes, recently imported from Paris, are very elaborate and are exciting a great amount of curiosity in New York city, where they are now upon exhibition in the windows of a prominent store upon Broadway.

—W. H. Vanderbilt has tipped the college students who are serving as waiters at the Glen House in the White mountains very heavily. During his residence in the hotel he was pleased with the reliant spirit and gentlemanly conduct of the student waiters, and when he left on Monday last he gave the proprietor $3000 to be distributed among the young men.

A Vermont Boy and a Bear.

Thomas Larnard, of Somerset, a mountain town in Windham county, Vermont, who is less than 17 years old, with another boy about the same age, set a trap for a black bear. One day Larnard went alone to look after his trap and found the bear had been there and taken the trap and clog attached to it and departed. Evidently he had his foot in it. The youngster was delighted and excited, but found that he had no weapon but his jack-knife. He concluded there was no time to be lost in securing help, so, cutting a club with his jack-knife, he started on the trail into the forest. About a mile in the wood she found bruin sitting on his haunches, with one of his legs almost cut off by the trap he had been drawing, and as ugly as a bear could be. But the boy went for the animal with his club, skillfully dodging its dives, and hitting it at every opportunity. Finally, when the bear was partially stunned, he closed with it, drove his jack-knife in behind its ear, and then cut its wind-pipe. The boy was not hurt at all in the encounter, and he can't see any reason why his neighbors should think he has done anything remarkable.

The Cholera Panic.

There is no brutality like that of the the panic-struck. The deaths at Damietta from cholera exceeded 100 a day, though the population is only 30,000. A cordon of troops has been accordingly drawn around the wretched town, with orders to shoot any one found leaving it. Consequently every one is afraid to enter the place, which has become a fetid prison, and there are neither sufficient doctors, guardians of order, nor medical comforts. The people die or live uncared for, relatives are divided, business stopped and for all any one knows the inhabitants may be starving. At the same time, any one who can bribe the police gets through, so that, if cholera were contagious, it would be conveyed in spite of the cruel restrictions. It is believed that the outbreak, in the main, is local; and Lord Granville read an opinion from Sir William Gull, stating that he saw little ground for alarm, as severe epidemics of cholera were always preceded by small outbreaks in the previous winter and spring. All the states of the Mediterranean have published quarentine rules, and the French and Italian papers insist that the cholera came from Bombay. There is no ground, Lord Granville says, for the allegation, which, if true, might be perpetually so, the great Indian cities never being quite free of cholera cases.

The Safety Pin--Its Antiquity.

Taking the common "safety pin" as a starting point, the various types into which the variants fall are classified and exemplified very thoroughly in this little study. Not a single part of the simple, though not primitive, instrument but has suffered some strange metamorphosis. Now the catch is flattened into a disk or diamond-shaped plate, now lengthened into a tube, now knobbed and put back to the bow; the bow is alternately shortened, lengthened, squared, rounded, decked with studs, grain-work, braces, rings, plates, amber beads, figures of birds and beasts and men, or tricked with hanging ornaments; while the spring is found doubled, multiplied into coils, changed into solid roll, or hinge, or magnified into gigantic proportions in relation to the other part of the brooch. The Italian groups, with either simple or two-springed bow, are very distinct; the Hungaro-Scandinavian examples are marked by their spiral catch and coil spring; the Greeks characteristically seized on the spring as the feature of the fibula, and curled the wire into two spirals, from the centres of which catch and pin spring. The history of the fibula can be traced for some 2000 years starting from its first appearance about ten centuries before Christ.

Killed by Lightning.

The Ghastly Discovery Made by a Texas Ranchman in a Lonely Spot.

A letter to the Galveston (Texas) *News* from Lampasas, says: A carriage containing the skeletons of three adults and two children, sitting bolt upright under a large tree, has been found near a road in Llano county. The tree was shattered by lightning. It is supposed the occupants sought shelter under the tree and the carriage was struck, the bolt killing the inmates and the horses. The weather-beaten appearance of the carriage and its trimmings indicate that the event happened a year or two ago.

In a small trunk was a letter addressed to "James G. Chamberlain, London, Eng." The remains were found by a ranchman driving cattle, and the discovery was reported at once to the authorities. The parties are supposed to have been tourists. The spot where they were found is very secluded and far from any habitation.

The So-called "Weaker Vessels."

In France women live an average of 13 years longer than men.

A Chicago wholesale cloak house advertised for a "female model with a thirty-six inch bust," offering $8 a week. There were twenty-five applicants in two hours.

Mlle. Piccolo, a Parisian actress, drove nine burglars out of her house with a revolver the other night, and then held two of them, who had climbed up a tree, until the police arrived.

An Indiana woman gave up a trip to California, sold her ticket for half price, and returned home from the railroad station, on learning than she could not have her pet dog with her in the car.

In modern Egypt a young man is not permitted to see his wife's face before marriage. As a consequence not infrequently soon after marriage he makes up his mind that he never wants to see it again.

One energetic woman did the work of a mob at Michigan City, Ind. She dashed into the saloon in which her husband had become a drunkard, used a lamp in lieu of a club, and smashed every bottle.

Mary Bullock got a ridiculously heavy verdict against the English company on whose railroad she was slightly hurt. But a new trial has been granted on the ground, as expressed by the judge, that she and her sisters, who appeared as her witnesses, were so beautiful that their charms of person had deprived the jury of common sense.

The Poetry Of Women's Rights:

The right to watch while others sleep.
The right o'er others' woes to weep,
The right to succor in distress,
The right when others curse to bless,
The right to love when others scorn,
The right to comfort all who mourn,
The right to shed new joys on earth,
The right to feel the soul's high worth,
The right to lead the soul to God
Along the path her Saviour trod:
Such woman's rights God will bless
And crown her champion with success.

Types of Women.—A London paper claims that young English women of middle and upper ranks are physically stronger than their compeers in any other European country, or in the United States. Well bred American girls are famous for an elegant and refined type of loveliness; French ladies are the best dressed in the world; the youthful frauleins of Germany have the finest heads of hair; the Spanish girls the brightest eye to be found anywhere; and in Venice and Florence may be seen, to this day, direct descendants of those old world blonde beauties still fresh and fair upon the canvas of Titian. When, however, all is said that courtesy to the foreigner demands, young English ladies remain stouter of limb, clearer of complexion, and altogether more hearty than others elsewhere. Plain food, sound sleep, and suitable clothing, exercise in the open air, and the plentiful application of soap and water, are the hygienic open secrets for the preservation of health in the human being; and the use of those aids, helped by a climate favorable to physical development and personal beauty, have made young English women what they are at their best.

Jottings.

The hay crop was a heavy one.

The oats crop is a very bountiful one.

The wheat crop will hardly equal the late estimates.

Tin has been discovered in the Blue Ridge, Virginia, between Amherst and Rockbridge counties.

The amount of railroad dividends paid in this country in 1882 was $102,031,434, an increase over 1881 of $9,687,244.

A party of Philadelphians spent their midsummer vacation walking from New York City to Saratoga via the Catskills.

The gross earnings of all the railroads in 1882 were: $770,356,716 ($67,066,511 more than 1881); of the same $202,140,775 were received from passengers; $506,367,247 from freights, and $61,848,734 from miscellaneous sources.

The *Record* says: "If half the care were taken to keep smuggled opium out of the country that is used to keep a few dozen Chinamen out, the health and morals of the people would be improved." Right, friend *Record*—a good point made, too.

The Arapahoes at Fort Washakie, Wyoming territory, presented President Arthur a very handsome pony for his little daughter, and moccasins and leggins for the members of his party. The president thanked and congratulated them on their fine appearance. He was replied to in English, by one of their number who had been educated at the Carlisle school.

A collector once wrote to General Sherman for his autograph and a lock of his hair, and received the following reply: "The man who has been writing my autographs has been discharged, and as my orderly is bald, I cannot comply with either of your requests."

LIFE'S MISERY.

We sow the glebe, we reap the corn,
  We build the house where we may rest:
And then at moments suddenly
We look up to the great wide sky,
Inquiring wherefore we were born—
  For earnest or for jest.

God keeps his holy mysteries
  Just on the outside of man's dream!
In diapason slow, we think
To hear their pinions rise and sink,
While they float pure beneath his eyes
  Like swans adown a stream.

And sometimes horror chills our blood,
  To be so near such mystic things;
And we wrap round us, for defense,
Our purple manners, moods of sense—
As angels from the face of God
  Stand hidden in their wings.

And sometimes through life's heavy swound,
  We grope for them — with strangled breath
We stretch our hands abroad and try
To reach them in our agony—
And widen so the broad life-wound,
Which soon is large enough for death.

The Bar Light-House.

Government had, for several years, been sadly neglecting a job of mending in the case of the Bar Light-house bridge. Here and there boards had begun to spring suspiciously beneath unwary footsteps; and then the wind had begun to tear them off, and the rain to rot and moulder them down. What was every man's business was nobody's, and no individual was disposed to interfere with the province of that abstract millionaire, the United States Government. To be sure, the keeper of the Bar Light, Jackson Reed, who was naturally more solicitous concerning the holding out of the sturcture than any one else, had wildly and fruitlessly patched some of the worst places, off and on, after a hard "northeaster," when he awoke more keenly to the exigencies of the case, and the hopeless dilatoriness of his taskmaster. But it had amounted to very little. Long neglect had made more than mere patching necessary. Now the quarter-mile bridge leading to the Bar Light-house, if not in an absolutely unsafe condition, was not calculated to inspire any degree of confidence in the unaccustomed crosser at least. It was not quite so bad at low tide, or on a mild still day. There was not much to fear then beyond a little fall and a ducking; that is, if one cleared one of those ragged apertures successfully. But on a dark night with the winds howling over it, and the ocean thundering beneath it, it was the sort of a bridge that only a disembodied spirit could be supposed to cross with any degree of nonchalence.

The lignt-house itself was only an ordinary dwelling house, strongly built. with a tower for the light. It stood on a massive pile of rocks, with little tufts of coarse vegetation in the clefts. Jackson Reed, who had an unfortunate love and longing for a garden spot, had actually wheeled enough earth over from the mainland for a little patch a few yards square, and when he was not engaged in a fruitless struggle with the broken bridge he was engaged in a fruittess struggle with his garden. A pottering old man was Jackson Reed, lacking in nervous force and quickness of intellect; but he had never let the light go out, and the only thing that is absolutely required of a light-house keeper is to keep the light burning for the sailors who steer by it.

The wonder was that his wife Sarah should have been his wife. She was a person not of a different mould merely, but of a different kind; not of a different species, but of a different genus. Nervous and alert, what her husband accepted in patient silence she received with shrill remonstrance and questioning. Her husband patched the bridge, crawling over its long reach on his old knees; she railed, as she watched him, at the neglect of the government. He uncomplainingly brushed the sand from his little puny struggling plants, and she set her thin face against the wind that cast it there.

In both, the religious element or cast of mind was strongly predominant, but Jackson Reed simply looked out on nature and into his own soul, and took in as plain incontrovertible facts the broken bridge, the tossing sea, his little wind-swept, sand-strewn garden patch, and God in heaven. Neither proved the other or nullified the other; they were simply there. But Sarah Reed, looking out on the frail, unsafe bridge which connected them with the mainland, and the wicked, senseless sea which had swallowed up her father and a brother whom she had idolized, and the poor struggling plants trying to live under the bleak winds, had seen in them so many evidences of neither God's love and mercy or his existence. She was a rheumatic old woman now, almost helpless, in fact, unable to step without the help of her husband. And she sat, day in and day out, at one of the sea windows of her sitting room, knitting, and holding her defiant old heart persistently against the pricks.

The minister at Rye, a zealous young man, with an innocent confidence in his powers of holy argument, had visited her repeatedly, with the view of improving her state of mind. She had joined the church over which he presided, in her youth; indeed, it was the church nearest to the lighthouse, and that was three miles distant. The minister had heard from one of his parishioners, who was a connection of hers, that Mrs. Reed had lost her faith, and straightway he was fired with holy ardor to do something for her spiritual benefit. But even his tonguey confidence and ingenuousness could glean but little satisfaction from his interviews with the rheumatic and unbelieving old woman.

"No, Mr. Pendleton," she used to say, shaking a thin rheumatic hand, with an impressiveness which her hearer might have copied advantageously in the pulpit, "it ain't no use. You kin talk about seein' with the spirit, an' worshippin' with the spirit; anybody needs a little somethin' to catch hold on with the flesh; when it's all spirit it's too much for a mortal bein' to comprehend, an' the Lord knows I ain't never had much of anything but spirit. I ain't never had any evidence, so to speak; I ain't never had a prayer answered in my life. If I have, I'd jest like to know how. You say, mebbe, they've been answered jest the same, only in a different way from I asked for. Ef you call it answerin' prayer to give one thing when you ask for another, I don't. An' I'd rather not believe thar was any God than to believe He'd do a thing like that. That's jest contrary to what He said about Himself an' the bread an' the stone in the New Testament. It's worse to think He'd cheat anybody like that than to think He ain't anywhar, accordin' to my mind. No, Mr. Pendleton, a human bein' needs a little human evidence once in a while to keep up their faith, an' I ain't never had any. I'll jest let you know how it's been a leetle. Here I am, an old woman, an' me an' Jackson's lived here on this rock for forty year. An' thar's being things I've wanted different, but I ain't never had 'em—things that I've cried an' groaned an' prayed to the Lord for—big things an' little things—but I never got one. Ef the Lord had give me one of the little things, it seems to me that I might have got a feeling that He was here.

"Forty year ago, when Jackson an' me was jest married an' set up housekeepin' here, thar was an awful storm one night, an' my father an' brother was out yonder in it. I staid on my knees all night prayin'. The next mornin' their two darlin' bodies was washed ashore. My brother had only been married a few months—the sweetest, lovingest little thing she was. She began to pine. I prayed to hev her spared. She died, an' left her little baby."

"But you had him for your own, did you not?" interrupted Mr. Pendleton, desperately. "He has been a comfort to you. God has displayed His love and mercy in this case in sparing him to you."

"Mr. Pendleton"—and the rheumatic hand went up again—"I ain't never asked to hev him spared to me; ef I had it would hev been different. I ain't got through yet. Thar's been lots of other things, big ones, that I might jest as well not speak of, and little ones. Look at that bridge! I'll ventur' to say that you shook in your shoes when you came over it, an' wouldn't be sorry this minute ef you was safe back. Whenever Jackson goes over it my heart is still an' cold till he comes back, for fear he's fell through. I've prayed to the Lord about that. Then—you may think this a little thing—but thar is Jackson's garden. He set out a rosebush in it fifteen year ago. Well, it ain't died. Thar ain't ever been a rose on it, though. An' it seems to me sometimes that if thar should be jest one rose on that bush that I should believe that the Lord had been thar. You wouldn't think I'd been silly enough to pray about that. I hev. It's fifteen year, an' thar ain't never been a rose thar. No, Mr. Pendleton, it ain't no use. You mean well, but it lays with God, ef He's anywhar, to show Himself to me in a way I can get hold on."

So the pretty, rosy-faced young minister would go away, picking his way cautiously over the unstable bridge, after a somewhat nonplussed prayer, which Mrs. Reed, incapacitated from kneeling by her rheumatic knees, had sat and listened to grimly.

The Bar Light-house was three miles from Rye. A sandy, desolate road, almost us billowy as the sea, stretched between. The only house in the whole distance was a little brown one just at the other side of the bridge. They supported themselves by sewing for a shop in Rye. Jackson Reed's nephew, William Barstow, had been engaged to marry the daughter—Abby her name was; but a month ago he had brought a wife home from the city. He had rented a pretty little tenement over in Rye, and gone to housekeeping. Abby Weaver had tied up a few little notes and keepsakes in a neat parcel, and put them away out of sight. Then she went on with her work. She was a plain, trustworthy looking girl, with no show about her, as different as possible from the one her recreant lover had married. She was pretty, with an entrancing-little air of style about everything she wore. Abby had seen her go by a few times in a jaunty velvet jacket and kilted petticoat, with the fair round face with its fringe of fluffy blonde hair smiling up at her husband out of a bewitching little poke. Then she had gone and looked at herself in her poor glass, taking in the old black alpaca, the plain common face with the dull hair combed back from her forehead.

"No wonder," said she, "an' I'm glad it's so, for I don't think the Lord can blame him."

Sarah Reed had found a double trial in the breaking of the engagement. In the first place, she had liked Abby. In the second place, this new matrimonial arrangement had taken the darling of her heart from under her immediate supervision. If he had married Abby Weaver, he would have lived either in the light-house, as he had done all his life, or in her mother's cottage. But nothing could suit his pretty city lady but to live in Rye. The bare idea of the light-house terrified her.

Sarah Reed's frame of mind had not improved since the marriage.

One afternoon, a few weeks after the young couple had set up for housekeeping, an unexpected deficiency in some household stores sent Jackson Reed to Rye, where the nearest markets were. It was the middle of the afternoon when he went, and there was a storm coming.

"Don't worry, Sarah," his last words were, "an' I'll be back by five to light the lamp. It'll be pretty near dark enough for it then, I reckon, ef it keeps on this way, ef it is June."

She sat at her window with her knitting after he had gone, and watched the storm roll up. She had taken a fancy lately to a landward window, the one with the poor little garden patch under it, and the rosebush which never blossomed. The bush really looked wonderfully thrifty, considering its many drawbacks to growth. But it was in a sheltered corner, and had all the warmth and mildness that could be had in the bleak place. It was three feet high or so, a hardy little Scotch rose. There certainly seemed no reason in nature why it should not blossom, but blossom it never had. Mrs. Reed never looked at it now for buds. She never even glanced at it today; she only looked out uneasily at the darkening sky, and knit on her stocking. She was always knitting stockings; in fact, it was all the kind of work she could do, and she had never been an idle woman with her brain or her fingers. So she knit stout woolen stockings for her husband and William Barstow from morning till night. Her husband kept the house tidy and did the cooking, and he was as faithful at it as a woman. No one looking at the room in which Mrs. Reed sat would have dreamed that it was not the field of action of a tidy housewife. It was a plain, rather cheerless kind of a room. There was a large figured, dull colored ingrain carpet on the floor, there was a shiny table, and some flag bottomed chairs, and a stiff hair cloth sofa. A few shells on the mantelshelf, a lamp mat that Abbey Weaver had made, and a framed wreath which had lain on William Barstow's father's coffin were all the ornaments. Take a room like that and set it on a rock in the ocean, with the wind and the waves howling around it, and there is not anything especially enlivening about it.

Mrs. Reed had been rather good-looking in her youth; was even rather good looking now. She had bright alert blue eyes, and pretty soft gray hair. But there was an air of keen unrest about her which could jar on nerves like a strident saw. In repose she would have been a sweet old woman. Now, she looked and was, as people say, hard to get along with. Jackson Reed's light burning meant more to the Lord, perhaps, than it did to the sailors.

At five o'clock the storm was fairly there, and the old light-house keeper had not come home. A heavy tempest twilight was settling down, and it was almost time the lamp was lit.

Six o'clock came and it was darker yet, and still she sat there alone; her knitting dropped in her lap. Seven o'clock, and her old husband had not come. It was quite dark now, and a terrible night, hot and pitchy, and full of mighty electric winds and fires and thunders. A conglomerate roar came from the ocean as from a den of wild beasts. Suddenly an awful thought struck the wretched old woman at the light-house window, and swift on its track rushed another still more awful. The first was, her husband had had a "turn" somewhere on that lonely road from Rye. "Turns," as she called them, Jackson Reed had had once or twice before, but they had never interfered with his duty. He had fallen down insensible, and lain so for two or three hours. This was what had happened to him now. And the second thought was her darling. William Barstow was out on that dreadful sea, and there was no light to guide him to port. Strange that she had not thought before. Yes, it was Tuesday. Was it Tuesday? Yes, the very day he was going to Lockport with Johny Sower. He was out on that sea somewhere in a boat, which could not live in it a minute. Yes, it was to-day he was going. He and his pretty little wife were talking it over Sunday night. She was lamenting, half in sport and half in earnest, over the lonesome day she would have, and he promised to bring her home a new bonnet to console her. Yes, it was Tuesday, and Jackson Reed had told Abby Weaver about it yesterday—that was Monday. He had forgotten that she was no longer so interested in Willie Barstow's movements. And when he told his wife what he had done she scolded him for his thoughtlessness.

Yes, it was Tuesday, and he was out on that sea, and there was no light lit. Nothing to keep him off these terrible rocks that the light had been set there to show. In the morning he would be thrown dumb and cold where she could almost see him from her window. It would be with him as it had been with his father and grandfather, and mebbe with his wife as it had been with his poor young mother. All the strong, baffled, but not suppressed nature of the woman asserted itself with terrible force.

"Oh, my darling! my darling! my darling!" she shrieked, in a voice which was in itself both a prayer and a curse. "You out thar, an' all the love in your mother's heart can't light ye home! Oh, the black water rollin' over that beautiful face, an' those laughin' blue eyes that looked at me when you was a baby, an' those black curls I've brushed, an' those lips I've kissed—puttin' out that lovin' soul! O, Lord! Lord! Lord!

"He's been a good boy," she went on in a curious tone, as if the mighty ear of the inexorable God she had half believed in was become now a reality to her, and she was pouring arguments, unavailing though they might be, into it—"he's been a good boy; never any bad habits, never any little mean actions. There's Abby Weaver, I know; but look at the face of the girl he's married. O Lord, love is the same behind a homely face an' a handsome one. But while you keep on makin' folks that think roses is prettier than potatoes, an' pearls than oysters the love that looks out of a pretty face will hold the longest an' the strongest. He wa'n't to blame. Abby was a good girl, but you made this other one as pretty as a picture. He wa'n't to blame, Lord, he wa'n't to blame. Don't drown him for that. It ain't right to drown him for that. O Lord! Lord! Lord!"

She sat there shrieking on in a strained, weak voice, half in prayer, half in expostulation. The wind rose higher and higher, and the sea thundered louder and longer. A new terror seized her. If her husband should recover from the bad turn which she suspected he had had, and attempt to cross that bridge now, he would be killed too. God knew what new rents might be in it. When her sitting room clock clanged out nine, above the roar of the storm, she went into a fury of despair. Down she sank on those old rheumatic knees that had not bent at her bidding for the last five years, and prayed as she had never done before.

In the midst of her agony a great calm fell suddenly over it.

"I will go an' light the lamp myself," she said in an awed voice, "an' He will go with me! Slowly Sarah Reed arose on her feet that had not borne her weight for five years. Every movement was excruciating torture, but she paid no heed to it; she seemed to feel it and yet be outside of it. She realized, as it were, the separateness of her soul and her spiritual agony from all bodily pain.

She walked across the floor, went out into the entry, and groped her way up the narrow stairs leading to the tower. She dragged herself up the steep steps with terrible determination. She slid apart the slide at the top, and a blaze of light almost blinded her. *The lamp was lit.*

Sarah Reed might have floated down those stairs, upborne on angels' wings, for all she knew. Somehow, she was back in her sitting room, on her knees. Her husband found her there, a half hour later, when he staggered, as pale as death, and drenched to the skin into the room.

"Good Lord, Sarah, who lit the lamp?" his first words were.

"The angel of the Lord," she answered, solemnly raising her gray head.

"I hed a turn over thar on the road, 'bout a mile out of Rye. I've jest come to an' got home. Seemed to me I should die when I thought of William. The bridge is pretty well broke up, but I hung on to the side. An' Lord! when I saw that light burnin' I could ha' come over on a cobweb. Who came to light it, Sarah?"

"The angel of the Lord," she said again. "Don't you ever say it ain't so, Jackson; don't you ever dare to try to make me stop thinking it's so. I've been askin' the Lord all these years for something to show me that he was anywhar, an' He has give it to me. I crawled up them stairs—"

"*You* went up them stairs, Sarah?"

"Yes; I went up to light the lamp, an' it was lit. The Lord hed been thar. It's true about Him."

The pale old man went up to his kneeling wife and kissed her tenderly.

"Don't you believe his angel lit it?" she asked, looking at him with anxious intensity.

"Yes, Sarah, I do," replied Jackson Reed. The thought was steadily recurring to his half-dazed brain, "Abby Weaver, Abby Weaver lit the lamp; but Sarah—Sarah need not know."

The next morning Sarah Reed, looking out of her window, saw a little pure white rose on the bush beneath it.

"Yes, I meant to have told you it had budded," said her husband, when she exclaimed, "I found it thar yesterday. Thar's another one, too."

It was a lovely clear morning. Abby Weaver, looking out of her window, saw William Barstow pass by on his way to the light house to tell the old folks of his safety.

Health Hints.

HOT MILK AS A STIMULANT.—If any one is fatigued the best restorative is hot milk, a tumblerful of the beverage as hot as can be sipped. This is far more of a restorative than any alcoholic drink.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

A spoonful of lime water and a spoonful of sweet oil beaten well together and applied with a feather directly to a burn, relieves the smart and prevents blistering. When this remedy is not at hand, common baking soda put directly on the burn and moistened will give immediate relief.

The following remedy, when applied within six hours after a bite from a rabid animal, has been successful in preventing hydrophobia: Make a strong wash, by dissolving two tablespoonfuls of chloruret (chloride) of lime in a half pint of water, and instantly and repeatedly bathe the parts bitten. The poison will in this way be decomposed.

The following is recommended as a successful treatment for sties: With a fine camel's hair pencil paint the inflamed papilla with tincture of iodine. The lids should be held apart by the thumb and index finger of the left hand while the tincture is applied, and until the part touched is dry. A few applications in the twenty-four hours is sufficient.

How indigestion is affected by such condiments as vinegar and salt has been carefully studied by M. C. Hasson, and the results presented in a paper read before the Academy of Science, Paris. Taken in moderation these condiments are useful. They promote the formations of gastric juice. But if they are indulged in to excess they irritate the coats of the stomach and render the food more indigestible. The proportion of salt should not exceed 5 to 10 grains to 0 5 kilogrammes of meat, and of acid 1 to 4 per 1000.

CARE FOR THE EAR.—We do not think that most people sufficiently realize the importance of caring for the ear.

In another article we have referred to the life-long sufferings of the celebrated Dean Swift, due to a simple cold taken before his twentieth year. In his case there were ringing in his ears, deafness, nausea, vertigo or giddiness. But there are multitudes of cases in which the trouble is confined to simple deafness, slight at first and hardly noticed, yet steadily increasing with years. Every year thousands lay a foundation for it. The part affected is what is called the "middle ear."

It is sometimes inflamed by cold air striking continually on the outside, just behind and below the ear, or penetrating the open cavity. Fashion, which sends young children from over heated rooms into the winds of winter with the ears wholly unprotected, is responsible for many sad cases.

When there is "a cold in the head" (nasal catarrh) the inflammation often extends to the Eustachian tubes (the tubes that convey air to the middle ear), and then into the ear itself. Sometimes the throat and back of the mouth (pharynx) are inflamed, and the inflammation spreads upwards in the same way. An inflammation is often thus extended from the nostrils to the ear by an improper blowing of the nose. One nostril should be cleared at a time, the other remaining fully open.

As the results—not noticed for years—may be increasing discomfort for life, the ears of the young should occasionally be examined by a competent physician. The tendency to deafness may be checked if taken in time.

In such cases there is a thickening of the membrana tympani (ear-drum), which thickening tends to increase with every new cold; or some of the inner inflamed surfaces grow together, and the action of the ear is interfered with, or the Eustachian tube becomes closed. Sometimes the ear-drum is perforated, the inflammation giving rise to suppuration.

Companionable People.

In every society, we find that people who are called companionable are those who have the knack of making light of their tribulations and vexations and a habit of putting them out of sight; who do not entertain their acquaintances with a recital of bad baking, a leaky pipe, the children's measles, the shortcomings of the servants; who know how to keep their melancholy, if they have any, out of the conversation; whose nerves do not furnish them with material for a morning call; who are not always on the lookout for a draught, or a change of weather, or a slight; who do not lament their poverty aloud, and make us feel responsible for it, and uncomfortable amidst our poverty. The companionable people never seek to make us dissatisfied with ourselves or our belongings; they talk about the things we like to hear, and are silent upon the subjects on which we disagree; they do not differ from us for the sake of differing, and do not announce their opinion as if there was no appeal therefrom. They do not talk you blind, as the saying is, neither do they offend by their taciturnity; they do not have to be drawn out, but develop their talent as generously and charmingly as the plant develops its blossoms; neither do they pump or catechise us about our own affairs, but show a genuine interest in whatever we may choose to impart of a personal nature; and although they never force their confidence upon us, they have none of that frosty reserve which never allows a glimpse of their hearts. There are some people who are out of sorts at every hand's turn for no legitimate reason—because the sun is under a cloud, because they slept badly or ate too heartily; but the companionable person makes the best of every situation. She is not fidgety or fussy, and her prejudices are not, as with some, her chief characteristics. When she arrives, she brings another atmosphere with her, and common things, seen with her eyes, become wonderful. She is a person of ideas, and bestows them with prodigality; she is not so often a wit as the occasion of wit in others, which is a far more popular being than the mere wit can hope to be; and although she may only have traveled "a good deal on Cape Cod," yet she has seen and understood more than many who have ransacked christendom.

A Patient Pair of Lovers.

As the British Crown swung up to the American Line dock one morning recently an old woman, who had been walking the deck since sunrise, leaned over the taffrail, ejaculated ungrammatically, "That's him," waved her hand and disappeared in the cabin. At the same moment a still more elderly man on the dock shrieked "That's my Benedicta," and gamboled up the gangplank of the steamship, followed by a body-guard of friends, and rushed after the retreating woman into the cabin. Twenty-eight years ago a scene as sad as this was joyous was enacted by the same pair on the Cunard dock at Liverpool, when Thomas Barbour bid farewell to Benedicta Price and set out to find his fortune amid his kin beyond the sea. Kin at home had made the union of the couple an impossibility for the time being and although their ages were then respectively 42 and 35 years they concluded to await the removal by time of the family obstructions to the course or true love. Time took nearly a third of a century to the task, meantime upsetting most of the institutions of the year '55, except the ocean mail, whose expeditions hardly kept time with the epistolary ardor of the lovers, and so a month previous to their meeting the strain on the postal service was lightened by a letter from Miss Benedicta, announcing that she at last was free to redeem the pledge she had kept so well. The result was the reunion and demonstration on the British Crown. The happy old couple took a carriage and were driven to Frankford, where they were married in the evening. Barbour owns a cooper shop and has several thousand dollars invested in real estate.—*Phila. Ex.*

Capturing a Sawfish.

While Professor Williams was giving swimming exhibitions in Lake Ponchartrain, he saw moving upon the top of the water, in a direct line, and within two feet of him, what he supposed at the time was an alligator. He grasped the jaw with both hands, and with a sudden wrench broke it. In the contest for the mastery Professor Williams was twice carried under the water before he succeeded in landing the monster upon the wharf, where it was accertained that he had captured a saw fish 3 feet 2 inches in length, with a body 2½ feet in circumference. In the saw were forty-two teeth.

England's lords won't have marriage with a deceased wife's sister. It is also recorded that the monkey kissed the baboon's sister. Thus history goes on accumulating.—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Aug. 30, 1883.

The Largest Paper in Centre County.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. Yearly and half yearly ad's at special rates.

One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium.

When you cant find what you want anywherelse—try the "CENTRAL SUPPLY DEPOT"—or "THE FAIR" at Spring Mills, Pa.

D. GARMAN & SON,

BELLEFONTE, PENN'A.

Dealers in White Goods, Notions, Gents Furnishing Goods.

Black Cashmeres a specialty.

23jun tf It will pay you to call.

LOCAL ITEMS.

20 Styles of Derby hats to begin the season with, at D. Garman & Son's.

——Lock Haven is to have another daily to be called the Morning Democrat.

Fine yarns at Garman's.

——Democrats be registered before Thursday, Sept 6, and see that every democrat's name is on the Registry list before Thursday, Sept. 6.

——Rain on Monday night and Tuesday. Nights have been cool for several days back.

——Farmers are raising their potatoes. The yield is large, but there are many complaints of rotting.

——Fall and winter styles of woolens just received at merchant tailoring department of the Bee Hive stores. 23a4t

——Spring Mills is about to add a drug store to its enterprises, in a new building to be put up by Mr. Grenoble. Mr. Auman will be proprietor of the drug store.

——The telephone leading into Wolf's store was struck by lightning on Thursday afternoon, and silenced.

——To prevent a runa-way remember this: There is nothing so unsafe as a safe horse when not tied—unless it be an unsafe horse untied.

German Olio does not drive rheumatism from one part of the body to another, but thoroughly and effectively elimi nates it from the system.

——Gov. Pattison has appointed Dr. J. R. Smith Associate Judge, in place of Judge Runkle, dec'd. Mr. Smith is the democratic nominee for the place.

——Jonath Searfass, recently of Centre Hill, has moved from Beach Creek to Bellefonte, where he has taken possession of a bakery in the Bush Block.

——Ex-Congressman Seth H. Yocum, of Bellefonte, is now located at Johnson, Tenn., and is at the head of a tannery firm and making money.

——The low clover will yield scarce any seed owing to the ravages of a weevil like insect. What is called the large clover will yield largely in seed as the insect did not attack it.

——Dr. Kline attended the Treaster boy whose arm was shockingly mangled by being caught in the strap of a thresher. We were erroneously informed that Dr. Jacobs attended the boy.

The death of Mrs. S. Jefferson Moyer, of Mifflintown which occurred on Saturday last resulted from the use of chloroform while getting teeth extracted, and when the fifth tooth was pulled she fell forward and was a corpse inside of five minutes every effort to resusitate life having failed.

——For a fine tombstone, elegant workmanship, handsome design, and lower in price than e'sewhere in this county, go to Stover, at the Bellefonte Marble works and you can get just what you wish. He has every variety of marble and puts up the finest work in this part of the state.

——A few nights ago some fellows with horse and wagon visited the orchard on the Wilson farm adjoining town, occupied by Geo. Gingerich, whose wife heard the noise of something unusual going on. Mr. G. got out of bed and with his gun, went to see what was up. The thieves finding they were in danger of being caught, hastened out of the orchard and drove away before Mr. Gingerich could get a snap on them with his unloaded gun.

One of the best stocked establishments in Centre county is that of Sechler's at Bellefonte. Entering you are confronted by stack after stack of canned and dried fruits, groceries and provisions of every conceivable kind. A Frenchman recently visited the store and remarked that if Paris would only have had one or two such depots to draw on for supplies the Germans and Prussians would still be sitting outside the city walls playing seven-up for beer, and starvation a hundred years off. Sechler's indeed could not only supply Paris but all the rest of France with the finest and best groceries in the world. Centre and adjoining counties can well attest to this fact.

——You can always find the latest style hats at the Philad. Branch, and in greater variety than elsewhere in this county, and at 25 per cent less than others will sell hats at. Cuffs, collars, ties, umbrellas, gum overcoats, hose, gold rings, chains, charms, pins, etc., at the same house; Lewins & Co., are ambitious to stand foremost for selling cheap, and and wish it understood that they guarantee all goods to be as represented.

— All farmers wanting phosphate should be careful to get the best article —one that has been tried. The Buffalo is one of them—for sale at Spring Mills by

I. J. GRENOBLE.

Black Cashmere's at D. Garman & Son.

CHILDREN AND HORSES STUNG BY BEES.

On Monday, Aug. 14, a peculiar and very serious accident occurred near Curtin's works in this county. Mr. William Shalley is a prosperous farmer in that vicinity. On the day mentioned his three children were seated in a large farm wagon to which was attached two spirited horses the only occupant of the wagon being the hired man. In driving through the yard, not far from the house, the wagon struck a heavy plank on which was a hive of bees. The concussion upset the hive and the bees flew out swarming upon the heads of the children and stinging them frightfully. Mrs. Shalley ran to the rescue of her children, succeeding in getting them in to the house where many of the bees followed, still attacking the children. Large numbers of the bees also attacked the horses. The animals fought them with their mouths, the bees stinging their tongues terribly. Although Mrs. and Mr. Shalley fought the fierce and angry bees, they could not expel them from the house until they had built a great fire and filled the house with smoke. Neither could they be driven from the horses until the hired man had built a fire under the animals, the smoke chasing them away. One of the horses has since died from the effects of the injuries received and the tongue of the other horse swelled until it bursted. The children have been in a dangerous condition ever since although hopes of their recovery are entertained.—*Republican.*

PERSONAL.—Our old friend, Col. George Gross, of New Berlin, called in to see the REPORTER, the other morning. Years ago he was a merchant and democratic leader in Rebersburg. Now he is retired from all business cares but keeps true to the good old democratic faith. Mr. Gross wears a beard of patriarchal grey, and the countenance of youth—he don't seem to get any older, and that he remembers and calls upon old friends proves that his intellect is right and bright at good old 50. May he hold out to call often upon us. He is an uncle of Mrs. Mingle here.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wolf put in a few days of recreation at Cape May this week.

Mr. J. L. Roush, of Madisonburg, a student in the Institute here, for the last year, has left for a higher institution Franklin and Marshall college, at Lancaster. Mr. Roush is a close student and a very worthy young man.

——Mr. John Rishel, of Potter, gave the REPORTER a call. Mr. Rishel was 2nd best for Associate Judge, and allthough defeated takes his fate like a true democratic philosopher, with better hopes next time, and is giving his lucky competitor, Dr. Smith his earnest support.

Sam'l Krumbine, of Altoona, graddate of the REPORTER, took a hand at his old cases while home on a visit.

Christian Fisher, who left Aaronsburg for Indiana, 17 years ago, in company with J. H. Wile callad at our sanctum. This is Mr. Fisher's first visit back since his removal.

Esq. Smith of Ferguson also gave us a call.

Esq. Duck, and Jonathan Harter, of Millheim, illumined our sanctum on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Brisbin are in camp at Gettysburg.

The REPORTER for the campaign, 25 cents, cash. For four names will send one extra copy for same period.

The item below we copy from an Ohio paper. The subjects of the notice are natives of this neighborhood:

SILVER WEDDING.—On Saturday evening last the friends of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Jordan, to the number of a hundred or more, gathered at their home, near Harsheyville, to celebrate their silver marriage anniversary. Mr. and Mrs Jordan received their many friends in the warmest hospitality, and spread a most elegant supper at 7½ o'clock. It was an enjoyable occasion and an elegant company, and the happy pair were deeply impressed with the respect and esteem of their many friends. An elegant table full of silver presents was one of the features of the occasion.

——Judge Larimer not being able to attend court on account of his bad health, and Judge Smith not having been confirmed yet, his honor Judge Orvis, now president Judge, sat all alone on the bench, on 27 and 28. The grand jury was sworn and the constables made their returns, when court adjourned to Tuesday morning.

——Judge Smith's appointment as Associate Judgh was confirmed by the Senate on Tuesday, and he now is seated along-side his honor, Judge Orvis.

——We called in to see our old friend, Judge Larimer on Tuesday. We learn that he is somewhat better than a few days previous, yet he is not well-enough to take his seat upon the bench this week. Hope the Judge will soon be able to perform his official duties again.

——The farm of John Keen, dec'd, 212 acres, 2 miles west of Millheim, was knocked off on Saturday to H. E. Duck, esq., at $55 per acre.

Mr. Martin S. Frayer, Huntingdon, Pa. says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for billiousness with most gratifying results.

——S. U. Hoffer & Co's store, opposite the Brockerhoff house, ranks among the first in Bellefonte, for dry-goods, groceries, clothing, hats, boots, shoes, &c., at great bargains. Give them a call if you want honest goods and fair dealing.

With alarming rapidity despite the quarantine regulations continue eastward day by day the steady march of the Asiatic Cholera, spreading alarm and terror in every new locality attacked and proving to be the most virulent type. As a safeguard procure from J. D. Murray a bottle of Carmelite Cordial remedy worth its weight in gold in curing Cholera and all intestinal irritations.

The principal hospitals throughout the United States report more favorably on Carmelite Cordial than any remedy ever tried for Cholera. As a general Pain curer and family remedy for summer cramps and intestinal irritations incident to the heated term it is without equal. No family should be without a bottle. Sold and warranted by J. D. Murray, Centre Hall. 1m

Two children of Thomas Fraser, of Mount Brydges, aged three and five years respectively, died from the effects of strychnine administered instead of santonin. Criminal proceedings will probably be taken against the druggist who supplied the poison.

PENN HALL ITEMS.

The academy hall has been fitted up with comfortable seats and arrangements are made for regular services by Rev. Z. A. Yearick. The Niagara excursion parties have returned and are much delighted with their trip and seeing the great natural wonder of America, they praise the Railroad companies for their accomodation ticket of which the whole bill was filled complete. On Saturday the Millheim Cornet band passed through here en route for the Mountain Pic-nic, they were handsomely uniformed and their music was excellant. John Hagan, Sr., at Farmers Mills, had an attack of paralysis, and is in a dangerous condition. Dr. H. B. Vanvalzah, of Clearfield, Pa, passed through town last week. Henry had you no time to call? John P. Condo and Cal Weaver have taken a trip to Philad. C. W. Wendill's have visiting relatives from Lewisburg. Miss Lizzie Heckman has returned from Lock Haven. She was absent several months. We saw unloading at J. B. Fisher's store a large quanity of salt new mackerel, cheese, sweet potatoes, coffee, sugar, glass jars, drugs, hardware, drygoods and notions, which are offered at bottom prices. Eighty cents buys a pretty enough calico dress now-a-days—during the late war it cost five dollars. A witty tramp on the road collecting segar stumps in f.ont of stores names them "Turnpike Navy." Johnny Hosterman is becoming celebrated as a colt trainer, he has one in charge now teaching him all kinds of tricks; he will soon have him prepared for circus performance. On Monday morning the P. H. Students chartered a Conklin wagon to take them to Prof. Robb's School—they are heavy fellows. Railroad meeting at Centre Hall—all should turn out favorable to the extention of the road. NEWS BOY.

——The Bush House at Bellefonte is to be made brilliant at night by twenty-five electric lights.

The finest line of gent's neck wear in central Penn'a, at D. Garman & Son's.

A despatch from Utah states that there is a plot on foot among the cowboys of the West to kidnap President Arthur and party, and carry them off to the mountains and demand a heavy ransom out of the secret service fund.

A new building at Cambridge, Md., is a theatre and church combined. There is a stage with scenery and footlights, for dramatic use, and in the centre is a large trap, out of which an altar is raised on Sundays and other holy days for Roman Catholic services. The exterior is made churchlike by a steeple.

Many wonder why the brute creation excel mankind as a rule when it comes to a question of health. Investigation quickly ascertains the cause. It is because the brute naturally obeys every law of health, while mankind is constantly degenerating owing to excesses of our ancestors and our own individual imprudence. Sudden exposure to extreme climatic influences, gluttony, improper food, alcoholic stimulants, over exertion of mind and body, worriment, anxiety, care, etc., all have a marked effect on the human system. Be cured by using Brown's Iron Bitters. A remarkabe remedy for restoring health.

——Brachbill's furniture rooms are among the most attractive places in Bellefonte. His stock of elegant furniture is worth seeing, and he is proud to show it, knowing that it can't be excelled this side of Philadelphia. It is the oldest furniture house in this part of the state, and has gained its stability by honesty and fairdealing. You can get any thing you want in the furniture line at Brachbills and very reasonable in price too. Give him a call, if you need anything in his line.

Gents Fine Furnishing goods—D. Garman & Sons. 2t

One day you will be pleased with a friend and the next day disappointed in him. It will be so to the end, and you must make up your mind to it and not quarrel, unless for very grave causes. Your friend, you have found out, is not perfect. Nor are you, and you cannot expect to get much more than you give. You must look for much weakness, foolishness and vanity in human nature.

The blue sky is a distant reflection of the azure serenity that looks out from under a human brow.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

No 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Reduced rates to $2 00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.

26aprtf

LOCK HAVEN MARKET.

Butter, 18 to 22 cts. per lb; eggs, 18 to 20 cts. per doz; potatoes, old 40 cts. per bushel; new, 12 cts. per peck; chickens, 50 to 70 cts. per pair; lard, 16 cts. per lb; apple butter 75 cts. per gal; corn, 70 cts. per bu; oats, 55 cts. per bu; beans, 15 to 20 cts. per peck; peaches, 50 cts. per pk; huckleberries, 8 cts. per qt; peas, in pod, 15 cts. per peck; shelled, 15 cts. per qt; currants, 10 cts. per qt; cherries, 4 to 6 per qt, raspberries 10 to 12½ cts.; corn, 10 to 12½ cts per dozen; apples, 20 to 25 cts per peck.

PHILADELPHIA PRODUCE.

Philadelphia, August 27.—Flour is firm. Grain is easier. Minnesota extras at 5 50@6 50; Pennsylvania family at 5 00@5 25; western do., at 5 75@6 00, and patents at 6 50@7 50.

Wheat was steady with 1 15½ bid and 1 15⅝ asked for No 2 red August; Corn 59 bid and 61 asked for sail mixed, August; Oats 39 bid and 43 asked for No 2 white August.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	$1.05
White & Mixed	1 00
Rye	60
Corn, shelled, and ears new	60
Oats	35
Buckwheat	50
Barley	50
Cloverseed	8 00
Timothy seed	1 50
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00

Butter, 15 c; tallow, 6; lard, 14; ham, 15; shoulder, 12; bacon or side, 12; eggs per dozen, 16 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL.—Pea, 3. 25; Chestnut, 4.65; Stove, 4.85; Egg, 4.75.

The last day for the registry of voters this year will be Thursday, Sept. 6, and out of abundant caution every voter should satisfy hrmself that his name on the book with a tax assessed against him. Otherwise he may be disfranchised. Democratic committeemen and politicians should be active and energetic in looking after this now to the exclusion of every other political consideration. It will not do to assume that because the bulk of the voters paid their taxes last year that the registry this year is an unimportant matter. Special attention should be given to the registry of all persons who did not pay taxes last year, to persons recently naturalized, to those who voted "on age" last year or who will come 22 years of age before February, and to all whose residence has been changed since November, 1883. "Attention to the registry" is the immediate duty of all interested in Democratic organization.

The fools are not all dead yet, and there is one big fool who seeks fame by a big jump.

A special from Bradford says: The Kinzua Viaduct, eighteen miles from Bradford, on the line of the New York, Lake Erie and Western railroad, is the highest bridge in the world. The structure, which is entirely of iron, is 2,052 feet long, and the height of the rail above the bed of the stream, which looks like a silver thread below, is 301 feet.

A drug clerk in this city, Julius Behling, is making a series of experiments, which, if successfully carried out, will certainly give him a niche in the temple of fame. He recently read in a newspaper that an adventurous person had jumped from a three story building, alighting on the ground as easy as though he had stepped from a horse car. In his descent he carried an open silk umbrella with bamboo ribs, and one night in July mounted the rail of a bridge, and, opening his umbrella, stepped off into space. The distance to the water was perhaps fifteen feet. He went down easily and landed in about three feet of water. He then made up his mind to startle the world by jumping off the great Kinzua Viaduct. On Wednesday last he went to the bridge with an excursion party, and stationing himself on the structure at its highest point, tremblingly opened a cotton umbrella. There was no breeze. Behling carefully adjusted the umbrella and let it drop. It did not capsize, but when half way down it started off in a southerly course, and was soon lost to sight in the dense forest which skirts the valley. The next day Behling robbed his neighbor of a tomcat, which he carefully stowed in a bag and took to the big bridge. The cat was fastened to the handle of a strong umbrella, went down slowly and landed without injury. Mr. Behling proposes to construct a large and extra umbrella, and, unless the authorities prevent, will go to the top of the big bridge open his umbrella, and jump off.

(*Continued from last week.*)

How Watch Cases are Made.

It is a fact not generally known that the *James Boss' Gold Watch Cases* really contain more *pure gold* than many "solid" gold cases The demand for these watch cases has led to the manufacture of a very poor grade of solid gold watch cases—low in quality, and deficient in quantity. These cases are made from 4½ to 10 karats, and a 5 or 6 karat case is often sold for 12 or 14 karats. It is NOT economy to buy a watch case so poor in quality that it will soon lose its color, or one so soft that it will lose its shape and fail to shut tight, thus letting in dust and damaging the works, or one so thin that a slight blow will break the crystal, and perhaps the movement. It IS economy to buy a *James Boss' Gold Watch Case*, in which NONE of these things ever occur. This watch case is *not an experiment*—it has been made nearly *thirty years.*

HAZLETON, PA., Oct. 24, 1882.

I sold two James Boss' Gold Watch Cases thirty years ago, when they first came out, and they are in good condition yet. One of them is carried by a carpenter, Mr. L. W. Drake, of Hazleton, and only shows the wear in one or two places; the other by Mr. Bowman, of Cunningham, Pa.; and I can produce one or both of these cases at any time.

SYLVESTER ENGLE, *Jeweler.*

Send 2 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how James Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made.

(*To be Continued.*) 4

Bargains in muslins at D. Garman & Son's.

FRESH MEAT.—James A. Deckert's Spring Mills meat market supplies fresh, stall-fed beef, constantly, also pork, veal and mutton in season. Potters Mills, Centre Hill and Penn Hall will be supplied from the wagon, two days each week. 10may6m

NO GREASE FOR HIM.

"When Greece her knees—Greece her knees—Greece her knees," stammered an embarrassed schoolboy, forgetting the next line of his recitation. "There is no occasion to grease anybody's knees," shouted his teacher. "Go and study your piece." Neither is there occasion to grease your hair. Parker's Hair Balsam is all the dressing you want. Restores the original gloss and color to gray or faded hair. Does not soil the linen; not a dye; good for the scalp; prevents falling out. Aug. 4t

— No one has yet succeeded in selling ready made clothing lower or as low as the Philad. Branch. A good many tried it, but always found Lewins & Co. so far down in figures that all gave it up and let the Philad. Branch have the field all to itself for low prices. They are determined not to be undersold by any body.

DIED.

On the 19th inst, near Penn Hall, Mrs. Sarah Rockey, wife of John Rockey, deceased, aged 80 years, 11 months and 9 days.

The meeting to be held at Centre Hall on Thursday, 30 inst., at 1 p. m., in behalf of our uncompleted railroad, has been called upon consultation of prominent friends of the road. It is earnestly desired that there be a full turn-out of all who have been subscribers to the road, for an interchange of opinion with reference to the wrong and injustice done by the Pennsylvania railroad company in forcibly collecting the stock, spoiling the lands and then leaving the road unfinished.

DRUGGISTS, TAKE NOTICE.

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania having sustained the District Court of Allegheny county, granting to R. E. Sellers & Co. the exclusive right to the "trade mark" "Blood Searcher" (registered at Washington, D. C., December 11 1876), our name will be printed on all outside wrappers. Anyone selling or offering for sale, any "Blood Searcher" without bearing our name will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. (The penalty is $1,000 fine and two years' imprisonment)

R. E. Sellers & Co.,
Proprietors, Pittsburg, Pa.

Cretonnes and fringes at D. Garman & Son's.

NOTICE OF UNSEATED LAND APPEALS.

Appeals for the unseated land will be held at the Commissioner's Office in Bellefonte for the several Townships as follows:

Rush, Taylor, Worth, Huston, Union, Boggs, Half Moon, Patton and Benner Townships on Tuesday, Sept 18;

For Spring, Walker, Marion, Liberty, Curtin, Snow Shoe and Burnside Townships on Wednesday Sept. 19;

Appeals for Ferguson, College, Harris, Potter, Gregg, Penn, Haines, and Miles Townships, on Thursday, Sept. 20.

The assessors are requested to be in attendance from 9 o'clock a m to 3 o'clock p m.

JOHN WOLF,
H. C. CAMPBELL, } commissioners.
A. J. GREIST,

W. Miles Walker, Clerk.

ESTRAY.—A horse with saddle and bridle, came to the premises of the undersigned, several weeks ago. The horse is a bay about 6 yeaas old, right hind foot white. The owner is requested to come for his property and pay costs.

23au3t JASP. R. WOLF, Rebersburg.

RAILROAD MEETING!

By the request of a number of subscribers to the L. & T. R. R. this call is issued for a meeting of the stockholders and landowners along the line of the road, to be held AT CENTRE HALL, THURSDAY, AUG. 30, to consult what action to take with reference to the refusal of the Penn'a RR., Co. to carry out its pledges to our people in regard to the completion of our road, after having collected the stock, and cut up the lands of our farmers. It is hoped that all, desiring the completion of the road, will show it by their presence. Let there be a large turn-out, and one more effort for our rights.

Pennsylvania will have no state fair this year. The new buildings will not be ready before 1884.

ERIE'S EXPERIENCE.

ANOTHER CURE UTTERLY WITHOUT A PRECEDENT.

Erie, Pa., Sept. 10, 1881.—Dr. Hartman: I cannot but express my thanks to you for the great benefit I received from the use of *Peruna* and *Manalin*. One bottle of each placed me squarely on my feet, after a long sickness, which had laid me in bed and then left me lame and crippled. Three days use of these remedies dispensed with the cane, and in a week I was perfectly well. N. J. WRIGHT, Business Agent, Erie "Evening Herald"

Ask your Druggist for Dr. Hartman's book on the "Ills of Life." He will give it gratis. If not address Dr H. at Osborn O.

HARDWARE
HARDWARE
HARDWARE

JAS. A. HARRIS, & CO.
JAS. A. HARRIS, & CO.

—ARE SELLING—

REAPER SECTIONS AND
REAPER SECTIONS AND
REAPERS,
REAPERS,

And all kinds of Farming Tools,

RAKES, FORKS,
SCYTHES,
ROPE BLOCKS,
SPROUTS HAY FORKS, &c.

—AS WELL AS ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE. TO MEET THE DEMANDS IN THIS LINE.

JAS. HARRIS & CO.

F-A-R-M-E-R-S!

We pay the highest market prices for all kinds of GRAIN and SEEDS, at the Grain House of G. A. Runk Esq., which has lately been fitted with Elevators and otherwise improved.

Philadelphia STANDARD PHOSPHATE, and all kinds of

COAL and SALT For Sale.

Our STOCK of GOODS is double any in the valley --New, lively and up to the times.

IMPERIAL & WIARD PLOWS

Manny Reaper & Mower, Hubbard Gleaner and Binder which binds wheat, oats, &c. with one horse after any good side delivery reaper. Stoves, FURNITURE, &c Anything you want,

WHITMER & Co.,

SPRING MILLS, PA.

DOLL & MINGLE,

Boots and Shoes.

—Largest Stock—Lowest Prices,—

All Goods Bought Direct From Manufacturers---

Reynold's Bros. Fine Shoes,
D Armstrongs Rochester Shoes,
Mens Fine Shoes.

WE GUARANTEE EVERYTHING WE RECOMMEND.

No 10 Brockerhoff Row.

Bellefonte, P

HARDWARE — STOVES.

In addition to our extensive stock of FARMERS, BUILDERS & BLACKSMITH supplies, we would call your attention to our stock

Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the
CROWNING GLORY,
FORT ORANGE,
EASTLAKE AND
WELCOME HOME.

In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER
In Ranges the VICTOR & APOLLA.

A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.

WILSON, McFARLANE & CO